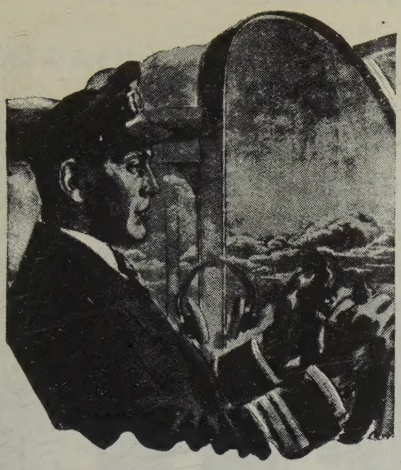

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World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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THINKING ALOUD

EDWARD HULTON

THANKYOU FOR NOTHING

STALIN has said, in an interview with a reporter from the *Sunday Times*, that he sees no reason why there should be another war. How kind of him! The result of these words, anyhow, was that New York Stock Exchange prices soared. Could there be greater futility?

First, what is the Werth (I am so sorry, I mean the *worth*) of Stalin's statement? How does it square with continuing Soviet radio abuse of Britain, the United States and other countries; unabated Soviet spying and Fifth Columnism; and Soviet tactics in Paris, which have not been changed, and are less likely to be after the Wallace *gaffe;* to which have been added a renewed undermining of Persia; further threats to Turkey; and an actual invasion of Greece. Stalin's words can only remind us of Hitler's famous reiteration, 'I have no more territorial claims in Europe'.

Stalin, even if omnipotent in the Russian state, is not, of course, bound in any way by this interview. Indeed, if he were contemplating an attack upon the Western world next week, he would be a funny sort of general if he disclosed his plans to the *Sunday Times*. Even if he *signed* the statement, nay, even if he signed a formal treaty, he would really be no more bound. In fact, treaties, never very reliable documents, have recently become completely worthless; though this does not seem to be realised by politicians. Neville Chamberlain landed from Germany excitedly waving a document signed by Hitler. 'Out of this nettle, danger, I have plucked safety.' Remember?

How can American business men possibly imagine that their securities are a scintilla of a wit safer after the Stalin interview, probably the silliest press interview of all time?

Second, why should the world hang upon the words which fall from this great bully? O race of men, how contemptible you are! Because the Soviets are rich and powerful, it seems that what their representatives say must not only be listened to with awe, but must be thought of as the opinions of a new Chosen People, all criticism being wicked.

We have defeated one brood of tyrants to fall prostrate before another lot; and we have substituted for the fawning worship of wealthy men and powerful patrons an equally contemptible worship of wealthy, ambitious and bloodthirsty states.

When I was in Paris, the air seemed poisoned by the goings-on in the Luxembourg. How different from the hopeful victorious Paris of 1919! All the same, I had come to the conclusion that the long-drawn agony was worth while; since it had produced a remarkable exhibition of Soviet behaviour, which might penetrate the craniums of even the most obtuse members of the Western world. Then, at the eleventh hour, Henry A. Wallace had to open his silly mouth. The effect of his effort can only have been to make the Soviet delegation feel that their intransigent behaviour in Paris had been well rewarded; because they could say that it had breached the bastions of American foreign policy.

Men have often exclaimed ruefully, that a fool is worse than a knave. 'Against fools the gods themselves contend in vain.'

Wallace, Henry A., serves at least as a reminder that a frightening number of

the genuinely liberal, and genuinely good, people in this world are nothing less than a ghastly menace. 'Set a thief to catch a thief.' Why? Because a good man is liable to discover, by some mental process, that the thief is really a splendid fellow, and ought to be asked in for a cup of cocoa.

During the last few years it has been becoming hideously apparent that many men of liberal views somehow soon develop a sincere affection for 'delinquents', whether these be juveniles, individuals of more mature years, or nation-states. The psychologically learned supply the answer that these people are really masochists, that is persons who subconsciously desire to be hurt. Whether this be true or not, it now seems manifest that a large number of liberal-minded people do not possess the necessary equipment of guts for this life; and in practice soon heartily desire to come to terms with their enemies, moral or other. In fact, some of the fiercest opponents of Hitler (in print) before the war, attempted to initiate peace negotiations with the Nazi gang soon after the war had started. This type of person is behaving in a similar fashion towards Stalin.

Neither is the attitude of these folk really covered even by non-violence of the Gandhi type. It is true that the 'Mahatma' did preach the offering of no physical resistance to British rule. At no time, however, did he say that the British Raj ought to be praised. Christ, when tempted by the Devil in the desert, did not invite him to attend a Round Table Conference.

We do not yet seem to be able to distinguish between sitting at a round table with those with whom we are in general agreement but with whom we have a dispute over details, and dealing with people, such as the present Soviet governing cliques, with whom we have nothing in common at all.

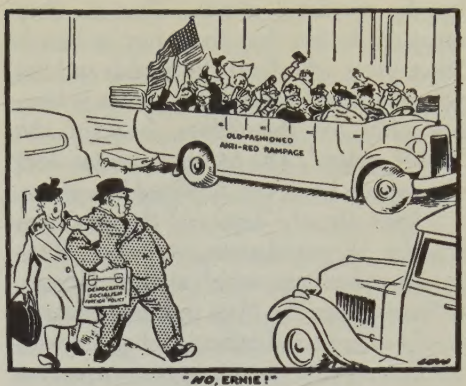
The advocacy of war against the Soviet Union remains another matter. An individual like Harry S. Truman has certainly had an unenviable responsibility thrust upon him in deciding whether to drop a few atom bombs at once upon the Soviets, thus perhaps averting terrible slaughter later and the destruction of civilisation, or hoping that somehow the whole thing will blow over.

A *modus vivendi*, as opposed to puerile familiarities and mutual vodka drinking, is no doubt usually possible even with fundamental opponents. There is much to be said for letting the Russians get on with their own 'world', whilst we get on with the improvement of ours. We should, not however, permit Soviet ideas of conduct to contaminate the principles which our civilisation has built up through the painful centuries, and which are the only principles by which *our* civilisation, at any rate, can be directed.

APPEASEMENT AGAIN ENTHRONED

As things have turned out, attempts to appease Soviet sensibilities have already led to the not very exalted standards of European diplomacy being much further debased. One result of this decline is that the misnamed 'Peace' Conference of 1946 reposes, if it can be said to repose, upon a much lower moral plane than that of once-despised Versailles; which was possibly already on a lower plane than that of the Congress of Vienna which succeeded the defeat of Napoleon, and is so much despised in our schoolbooks. Though it is not necessary to accept all the views of the excellent Harold Nicolson, who, though once a near-Socialist, is a teensy bit over-sentimental over the pretty days of the Regency.

I read somewhere the other day that at Paris in 1919 the so-called 'small powers' were excluded altogether from the counsels of the nations, which was worse than the treatment being meted



Inconsistency of Low:

(E. STANDARD, *Sept. 17. 'Free Election' in Trieste. (All are Titos)* *Attack on Ernest Bevin*

out to them today. This is wrong. Although there was a so-called 'Big Four' in 1919, never did this 'Big Four' arrogate to itself all powers of decision, leaving the 'small' and the 'middling' countries to do only the rubber-stamping. In point of fact, if the statesmen of 1919 had one obsession, rightly or wrongly, it was the principle of 'self-determination'. Not only was there unending talk about 'the rights of small nations, gallant Belgium, gallant Serbia, etc.,' but the small powers were given a hand-up out of the mire into which they had been thrown, and were supplied with copious draughts of refreshing stimulants. Not content with this Great Power Samaritanism, new small powers were discovered. Czecho-Slovakia (pardon my hyphen) was set up as an independent sovereign state, after having lain buried, if not entirely dead (the language was well nigh extinct), since the early years of the seventeenth century.

Czecho-Slovakia, or 'Czecho-Jackalia', as they are now terming it, has rewarded this generosity by the brutal expulsion of the three millions constituting the Sudeten Germans, whom it does not distinguish in its copious propaganda from the Reich Germans, super-beasts, beasts, or semi-beasts, who passed across the border during the late Nazi rule. These Sudetens are the highly skilled and hard-working descendants of settlers who were invited into the country about the fourteenth century by the Czech Government. What if the Hundred-Per-Cent Americans were to send back to the Reich Eisenhower and Spaatz? Can you or I prove the nationality of our ancestors in 1300? I personally have no desire to be sent back to Normandy; or more likely to the district of Anglia in Schleswig-Holstein, or to the peninsula of Jutland, from which no doubt many of my forbears emerged—leaving this island to such true Britons as Aneurin Bevan, who would automatically be provided with even greater scope for his abilities, though faced with considerably fewer houses to build.

In contrast to the, in some ways, over-idealistic days of 1919 (Wilson was a bit like Wallace and the dangerous type of liberal. Though all would have gone well enough, if America and Britain had not gone back on their guarantee to France; and if the Allies had kept reasonably well armed, and nipped Germany's misbehaviour in the bud)—at Paris, in this year of disgrace 1946, the so-called 'small' powers are *officially* placed in the position lately said to have been occupied

by the working classes. That is, they must work; but they must not be heard. Since those who hold the wealth and the power automatically know what is best, not only for themselves, but for the 'lower orders'. The Molotov motto does not appear, however, to be *noblesse oblige*.

I have already deplored the inhuman transfer of populations, Sudeten, Hungarian and others, which are little, if any, different from the Nazi transfers in cattle trucks of Jews and others during the war. In Poland the terms agreed upon at Yalta have been outraged. We were then told to make a great act of faith in Russia. We've made it, and we've had it! In Tito-land priests, bishops, and even journalists, are being persecuted. The Southern Tyrolese remain under Italian rule, as a kind of human make-weight for Trieste.

Mr. Eden was at length compelled to admit publicly that in 1939 we guaranteed Poland from Russia as well as from Germany. Though I admit I do not see quite what we can do about it now; except perhaps withdraw our ambassadors from Poland and Yugoslavia, and refrain from saying what excellent people the Soviets are.

The Polish 'Displaced Persons' are quite a different story. These 350,000 people, whose destinies we *can* control, are being pushed, so far as we can push them, back to Poland, bribed with rations which were supplied by the generous-hearted for the relief of suffering. UNRRA, especially under the leadership of the theatrical LaGuardia, that *vox bombinans in vacuo*, has, in its dotage, decline and fall, become a contemptible institution for the illegal activities of militant Zionists; whilst refugees who do not possess the advantage of Jewish blood are bribed by a mess of potage to return to their own countries, where they are awaited by certain degradation and probable death.

Sensible Reform Number One for the British Foreign Office: Do not give Britain's word unless you think you can keep it; and make some attempt, at least, to stick to your friends.

JOKE

I THINK I will risk one more story about the inevitable candidate for Heaven standing at the pearly gates of that celestial institution. It is a poor thing, but mine own. A Western European politician is making the usual application. 'I cannot see that you have a very strong case,' replies St. Peter. 'You have signed the Atlantic Charter, and the Four Freedoms, and torn them up. You have betrayed most of the states of Eastern Europe, and have endeavoured to persuade the victims that it is they who are in the wrong.' The politician makes reply: 'With great respect, your ideas seem to me to smack of bourgeois morality. You do not appear to understand that we have done these things to preserve Fraternity with the Great Soviet People.' The guardian of Heaven's Gate rejoins, 'It is the view of the Almighty that, at the risk of having it put about that the Kingdom of Heaven has become a bourgeois monarchy, he is afraid that your application for a visa cannot be acceded to.'

FRANCE NOT SO BLACK[1]

'WHAT do you think of France?' is the question inevitably asked of travellers lately returned from that country. Or rather it is the query put by one traveller to another. For this summer a large number of weary Britons seem to have crossed the narrow seas to France, and stations beyond.

A stroke of genius would be required, from the most sober and fair-minded person, to sum up with accuracy the real

[1] Incidentally, most French women have now abandoned black for coloured raiment.

state of France at the present time. For the truth is that the pattern of life in France is fundamentally different from that of present-day England; and, with the less effective French controls, it is infinitely more complicated. We should indeed begin to realise that it is not possible accurately to translate, not only a great many words and phrases, but also a great many situations and set-ups existing in one country in terms of those existing in our own, or in another country. As one example only, take the so-called Black Market.

The various countries of the world, since this last war, have become far more obviously nationalistic than they were, and placed, as it were, in watertight compartments. 'Obviously' because of the countless regulations and restraints which the most ordinary and heedless traveller, be he professor or glamour girl, is forced to undergo in his peregrinations. I can remember a lady friend of my family who lived in the careless decades before 1914, who frequently visited Belgium, but who did not realise that it was separate from France; neither did she greatly care. On the other hand, this new palpable compartmentisation at least shows that, so very far from its being a case of what Mr. Willkie called 'One World', the various national cultures remain profoundly distinct; and that there is still, it would seem, an almost indestructible quality in them. In fact, with the 'liberation', or rise to power, of newer and newer classes, these distinctions, though ignored, or hardly observed, by the international society of the eighteenth century and succeeding eras, are growing more and more, and not less and less, marked.

Let us take just one small difference between the English and the French, which must have been present long before the shake-up of this last war, but which most people did not seem to bother about very much. This is the French attitude to dining out and merry-making, and all the little things that go with these. The English have long been convinced that the French are 'gay'. They may be 'gay', in the sense that they are more liable to sing little catches of song at odd moments (though not at table), and in that their attitude to the problems of sex has long been more tolerant than that of their English neighbours. But French life has its accepted pattern; and in many ways it is a much more formal and rigid pattern than our own. There is still the great distinction between the café and the home; and, more important, between the emancipated married woman and the *jeune fille*. *Jeunes filles*, moreover, exist in France in almost every class.

Once again, whilst it is perhaps mistaken to believe that the French consume less alcoholic liquor than the English (wine they do not consider 'alcohol' at all), they believe very firmly in 'holding their wine'. Even the most unconventional French people, especially if women are present, behave in the most formal manner at a dinner or luncheon table. Thus the informalities which the English permit themselves, and which the Americans glory in, during and after festive occasions, create in their minds nothing but the most pained surprise. This kind of attitude is responsible for much of the deep resentment which the French still express towards the now departing American soldiers. 'In comparison,' they add, 'le Tommy was quite correct.'

BLACK MARKET?

EQUAL are the differences between the French and the English in connection with latter-day problems. The ordinary Frenchman does not see the Black Market as something inherently evil, but rather, like the pawnshop round the

corner, as 'a very present help in time of trouble'. The fulminations of M. Yves Farge, the new Food Minister, which appear almost daily in the press, and who has secured powers of death over Black Marketeers, stand in great contrast to the almost universal tolerance with which the ladies and gentlemen of the Black Market are regarded by the average French citizen, rich, middling or poor.

For anyone, such as an Englishman, whilst the allowance permitted him by the British Treasury lasts, who has a little money to spend, present-day France is not far removed from an Earthly Paradise—plenty of steaks, first-class cooking, and most genial service. At the other end of the scale are the lowest-paid workers, small *fonctionnaires*, and various types of people struggling to live on a fixed pension. Just how many people find life pretty bearable between these two extremes remains a fairly insoluble problem.

There is a great difference between official French views of the food situation and the real situation. For example, officials persist in estimating that forty million French people drink wine. Since only about ten or fifteen million do so to any extent, there is more for the others than might at first be suspected. Today a French working man is very often drinking two bottles of wine per day. This he regards as hard, compared with the six or seven bottles per day before the war, but he is fairly satisfied. The *petite bourgeoisie* in the towns are probably suffering most, but are quiescent.

The French authorities are actually gradually legitimising the Black Market, with the result that prices of meals have recently fallen by about half. As opposed to Britain, where the Black Market seems to be expanding. A great many French people think that the only final solution lies in a completely free market, such as has for some time really existed *de facto* in Belgium (with, above all, the reasonable distribution of dollar exchange by the United States).

Certainly the general atmosphere is completely changed since I was in France in January of this year. At that time France seemed like a person suffering from a nervous breakdown who might not recover. Today France has recovered, and is steadily winning health. Even the poorest and the most disgruntled will usually admit, 'things are gradually getting back to the good old times'.

This is one of the reasons why the force of the Communist movement is spent. This is doubtless why the Communists do not wish the country to have a strong Cabinet in the new Constitution since they are not likely to be asked to fill this rôle.

France, incidentally, is becoming very interested in such a new development of Africa as was suggested by Captain Liddell Hart in *World Review*, July 1946. Even a number of French commercial undertakings are moving into northern or even western French Africa. It is thought that the rivers Niger and Congo might form defensive lines against an attacking power. Beyond these, the southern part of the African continent is regarded as still too remote to be seriously menaced by atomic warfare.

EXISTENTIALISM?

AMONGST the rather rarefied movements to which the present troublous times have given birth is the new philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre. According to him, *existence* is far more important than *essence*. (Plato and his followers, of course, have been more concerned with *essence* or the *ideal*.) To Sartre's mind, however, the importance of an individual lies not in any preconceived essence, but in his *actions in existence*. Hence the name.

Existencism might have been a better one.

The new philosopher goes further than Kierkegaard (or Kant), who held that a man is responsible *only to God.* For, according to Sartre, a person is responsible *only to himself.* This is an Individualist reaction with a vengeance!

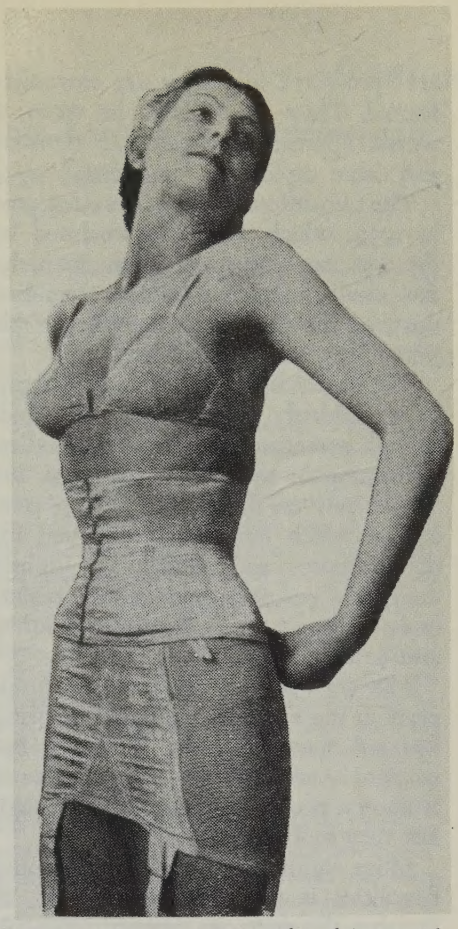
Sartre's friend, Mme. de Beauvoir, being a woman, and therefore more 'ethical', or at least down to earth, has supplied an ingenious reason as to why we poor human creatures sometimes manage to do good. This, she says, is because, 'we are continually watched by others'.

If Sartre's philosophy is only for the very clever few, his plays are witty enough to attract the general public. When I was in Paris I saw *Huis Clos,* a study of Hell. Whilst the subject was somewhat depressing, the author's dialogue was brilliant. Hell was a small room, furnished in the most irritating Second Empire style, in which were permanently confined a progressive journalist, who had weakly abandoned his ideas, a beautiful young actress, who had cast her illegitimate baby into a Swiss lake, and a smartly groomed Lesbian of about forty. It was Hell, because each character got on the nerves of the other two.

This play has recently been produced in England at the Arts Theatre, London. It has also come into the B.B.C.'s new Third Programme.

RETURN TO 1939?

A WOMAN traveller adds: Contemporary France is not divided rigidly into very rich and very poor, like contemporary Spain across the border. Yet there is no greater example of profound difference than between the get-up of the ordinary woman to be seen in the streets (rather poorer than here; skirt even shorter, though no slacks; no stockings usually;



Even mannequins are not quite used to their new tight guêpières—*sometimes worn over another corset*

and any old thing, probably pre-war, held together as well as may be) on the one hand; and, on the other hand, the fairy-like gorgeousness of the salons devoted to the *haute couture.*

In these gilded chambers the extraordinary manifestations caused by the period of occupation by the Nazis have completely vanished; that is, the swollen headpieces, the swollen feet, and the swollen 'handbags'. (Hold-alls would have been a better expression.)

Everything has returned to what might be termed normal, but is actually a violent attempt to put things back to what it was hoped they would be in 1939. In other words, the new fashions

are 'pre-war', and they are extremely formal. They are built to be worn, it would appear, principally at Embassy and other diplomatic functions.

The two different silhouettes attempted in 1939, which were overwhelmed by the war, are attempted again. Namely, the small waist and almost crinoline skirt, on the one hand; and the hobble skirt effect, on the other hand.

The tiny waist, which many Parisians have suddenly miraculously acquired, though sometimes produced by endless swimming in the *piscine*, must, on the whole, rely on the wearing of the new corsets which have been designed for the purpose, and which are rightly designated *guêpières*; because they relentlessly squeeze women's waists until they assume the appearance of a wasp.

The very narrow silhouette also appears in the evening, the skirt not being *wrapped over*, as in the 'twenties, but *wrapped round*, as in the statues of antiquity, producing a statuesque, though not very mobile, result.

More significant than these evening frivolities is the determination of all Parisian designers to restrict women's freedom to walk during the day. They make no secret of their decision that the big comfortable stride acquired during the war shall be ruthlessly curbed. This they have succeeded in doing by making day skirts reach down at least to the middle of the calf; and by making these skirts so tight that it is only possible to take the tiniest steps. The willingness of French women to be completely hobbled, despite continuing short supply of transport, suggests that fashion has little to do with the practical.

Paris is battling tooth and nail to maintain her fashion leadership, as opposed to Hollywood, New York, London—and Berne. *Haute couture* in France is a major and essential industry. It is very nearly certain that she will

Piguet Model. Skirt is below wearer's calf; and is one of the new tight 'hobbles'

largely succeed. It is easy to exclaim that Paris is too extreme. But women, subconsciously, do not dislike the extreme. (The extreme is the ideal, according to Plato.) It can no doubt be modified.

By contrast, while some British designers produce really excellent, and infinitely cheaper, copies of Paris ideas, in general British and American women's clothes possess neither guiding idea nor competent workmanship. The American glamour girls, so much photographed on their arrival in this country, look as if they had made their garments themselves, to while away the time on the boat coming over—and during a very rough crossing!

U.S.S.R. turns on U.S.A.—Western Europe as peacemaker—Greece goes Monarchist—Egyptian futility

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

AT the beginning of October 1946, were by some caprice of fortune the burly and embattled figure of Mr. Bevin to disappear, and somebody else to take his place at the Foreign Office—the political allegiance of the new Secretary of State would be of little consequence, for he would very quickly assume the profile of his predecessors—and were he then to call for a general survey of world politics and the problems before British policy, what would this examination reveal?

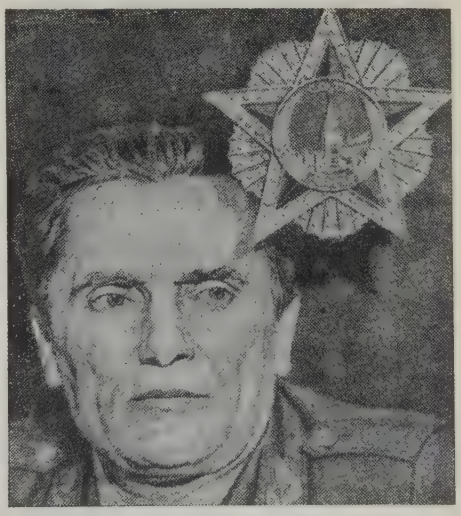
He would see that in the past few months the frontier dividing the Communist and totalitarian part of the world from the rest had tended to stabilise itself and to harden. He could not help noticing that the weight of the Soviet psychological attack was slowly shifting from the British to the American part of the line; and that Washington, which a year ago had turned an almost obsequious cheek to the Kremlin, was now the very heart of anti-Russian sentiment in the world.

In Paris he would observe a Peace Conference turned into as naked a display of Power Politics as could be seen without actual recourse to arms. Now and again, particularly when the decisions of former conferences came up for discussion, the 'Big Four' would present to the world the façade of an officially perfect marriage. But for the most part he would be confronted with the spectacle of Monsieur Molotov shouting across the Council table at the hardly less noisy Mr. Byrnes, and of the unhappy Monsieur Bidault, despite castigations from the Left Wing of his own Cabinet, inclining more and more to what may be called the Anglo-Saxon side of the table.

The Anglo-Saxon side? But would the new Foreign Secretary be inevitably forced to the conclusion that there must be an Anglo-Saxon side, as opposed to a Slav one? Would his place be automatically beside Mr. Byrnes, and would there be no room for him to sit, if possible, in the company of Monsieur Bidault, midway across the vast green space separating Mr. Byrnes from Monsieur Molotov?

He would not, I think, lightly accept this proposition. At the time of Germany's collapse, England was perhaps the first great Power to notice the rising antagonism between Russia and the West. *This Review was among the first English periodicals to foretell its course.* But we have consistently maintained that there is no need for the world to be split into an American and a Russian *imperium*. A Western Europe, closely integrated, and led by France and England, could keep the two contestants apart, and in a new balance of power preserve the equipoise.

Such a possibility was advanced, in terms, but partly veiled, by Mr. Eden in a recent speech. And during the last month two other speeches, one made with the doubtful authority of an insubordinate Cabinet Minister, the other with the imponderable weight of an official figurehead, have suggested that the chasm between America and Russia is growing wider than safety or even circumstances warrant. No need at this stage to waste time on Mr. Henry Wallace's absurd talk of 'British Imperialism'. The thoughts and the clichés of the American Liberals are among the most conservative in the world. They view the Soviet Union and the British Empire through the sort of spectacles that were fashionable among our own Labour Party back in the early 'twenties. But we cannot, nevertheless, dismiss Mr. Wallace's speech as wholly childish. No doubt Mr. Byrnes' policy of 'toughness' towards Russia may be to the taste of most of the few Americans who concern themselves with the affairs of the outside world. Certainly the Republican Party endorses



Portrait of Dictator TITO *on cover of U.S. magazine,* Time. Time's *caption reads, 'Fanaticism knows no frontier'*

SHINWELL's *failure to get more coal has affected not only Britain's hearth, but her position in international affairs*

it. But there are Americans, and a few Englishmen too, who wonder at times whether Mr. Byrnes is not almost overdoing his pugnacity.

The Wallace incident may well play into the hands of the Republicans at the forthcoming 'mid-term' elections. We cannot under-rate the possibility of seeing for the next two years a Democratic President utterly at variance with a Republican Congress. For all the 'bi-partite' approval of Mr. Byrnes (symbolised by the presence of Senator Vandenberg at his side), such a state of checkmate would inevitably lead to paralysis even in the domain of foreign policy.

For that reason, and also because the economic tenets and the very *weltanschaung* of America are growing these days far more remote from ours than they were in the heyday of the New Deal, our new Secretary-of-State might well hesitate before committing his foreign policy entirely to an Anglo-American course. Fundamentally, of course, friendship between our two countries should be the guiding principle of British policy. But a principle, to be a principle, must be constant. It cannot be subjected to the whims and vicissitudes of American internal politics.

Let us now turn to Marshal Stalin's interview with the Moscow correspondent of the *Sunday Times*. For several years Soviet propaganda has screamed of capitalist plans for the encirclement of Russia; the Soviet Government, in the Security Council of UNO, has resolutely opposed all feasible schemes for international control of the atomic bomb. Now Marshal Stalin tells his people that the capitalist world neither would, nor could, 'encircle' the Union; and foresees international action to avert the danger of atomic warfare. It is difficult to assess the true value of this statement. On the one hand, it was followed by an extravagant outburst of truculence from the Yugoslav delegation in Paris, who announced that, however the Trieste award might go, they would never accept the 'French line', nor would they withdraw their troops one foot in Venezia Giulia. On the other hand, after anxious consultation with Moscow, the Soviet delegate was allowed to append his signature to the report of the Technical Committee of scientists, recently presented to the Security Council, which emphasises in discreetly non-political terms the need for international survey and control of atomic energy in all stages of production. To such a control, the very heart of the Baruch Plan, the Russian authorities have hitherto presented an inflexible opposition. After all, it would go counter to all Russian traditions of industrial secrecy, awake a thousand lightly sleeping fears of 'industrial espionage'. If this technical report means that Russia is moving, after all, towards acceptance of the Baruch Plan, then the Stalin statement is something more than a piece of window-dressing.

We must remember, however, that Marshal Stalin is the one unassailably respectable figure with which the Russians can dress their window towards the West. The press of the world unhesitatingly accord to him the almost sacrosanct immunity enjoyed by a constitutional figurehead. (And of course he may quite well enjoy little more power than does a constitutional figurehead.) The heat has been turned on too scorchingly? Well, let Papa Stalin speak a few soothing words, damp down the fires.

There is, of course, another possibility—that his answers in the Werth interview were designed principally for domestic consumption. It is a tenable thesis that Russia has not the slightest intention of going to war, but has screamed at the capitalistic wolf all these last years in order to brace her people to the rigours of the new Five-Year Plan. The leaders of Russia may now consider that nerves have been screwed up too tight, that tension must be lessened. Yet, why

then choose this moment of reconciliation to address a new and vaguely menacing note to Turkey on the Straits?

It is at least possible that Russian foreign policy is as much at the mercy of internal politics as the policy of the U.S. State Department. All the more reason for us to steer our own course—in the company of France, and indeed of all Western Europe. To examine the possibilities of an Anglo-French Customs Union, and to reach agreement on the future status of the Ruhr, would seem to be the first, most essential steps. And here, strangely enough, an element of British internal politics enters to confuse the scene—namely, the fall in the British coal production. With the help of slave labour the French have raised their coal production even above pre-war figures. On the other hand, they can no longer obtain coal from this country. Hence their insistence upon getting from the German coalfields those Potsdam percentages which are so badly needed for the purposes of reconstruction in Germany, and for the ultimate benefit of all Western Europe. We think of our falling coal production only in terms of British hearths, British factories. But it is indirectly retarding the recovery of an area much vaster than these islands, and accelerating the decay of life and government in the British Zone of occupied Germany.

When we first arrived there, we were immeasurably the most popular of the occupying powers. Ever since the ration cut last winter the standard of efficiency has been declining, and with it our popularity. Conversely, of course, the attraction of the well-fed Russian zone has increased. Now comes news of a further cut in Ruhr steel production. The whole of Germany, if we are not very careful, may one day turn in despair towards Russia. Only in close collaboration with the French can we avert all possibility of such a disaster.

Our new Foreign Secretary might now turn his attention to the Eastern end of the Mediterranean, that area hardly less vital to our security than the English Channel. Being a man without prejudice he would not question the action of his predecessor in approving, or at least condoning, the return of the King of Greece. In his heart he might wonder whether a King with such a record of dictatorship as King George were the most fortunate choice. But he would reflect that this discreet, bespectacled figure has become for many Greeks the symbol of rescue from Communism; he might well doubt the powers of that aged Liberal, Monsieur Sophoulis, to hold the frontier fort; and he would recall that the very atmosphere of a frontier fort breeds, and indeed

'Venerable Liberal' leader SOPHOULIS *could not hold the fort. Greeks voted for George II as only protection against Communism*

sometimes demands, a mood of fanaticism.

When he came to Egypt, I wonder whether he would as unhesitatingly endorse Mr. Bevin's policy. In the defence of the Nile Valley we certainly want a free, loyal Egyptian ally, not the treachery, the flirtations with the enemy, which were recently fashionable in the highest Egyptian circles. The trouble is, the Egyptians have a sense of geographical immunity as unreal as that of the Americans. They cannot believe Egypt will ever be in danger again, and so, the victims of their own propaganda, each Party tries to outdo the other in the extravagance of their demands upon the U.K. The Egyptian delegates are far more interested in justifying themselves before Egyptian public opinion than in reaching a sensible agreement with us. The new Foreign Secretary would do well to recall, however, that the Egyptians have never yet been capable of assuring the defence of their country; and that the last time the Egyptians laid hands on the Sudan, they provoked by their misrule the rise of the Mahdi, the deaths of millions, and two expensive British military expeditions.

IS AMERICA IMPERIALIST?

U.S. SEEKS NEW FRONTIERS

SEAN HART

'WILL America keep her promises?' It is a question on the lips of many people today, for America's promises have suddenly become vital to the rest of the world. You may subscribe mentally or verbally to the theory that nations are locked in a mesh of interdependence, but when the net tightens you really know it. And hungry men may be grateful, but cannot afford to be uncertain. Recently and repeatedly, the world has found that its richest nation's bounty, however generous, doesn't come up to that nation's promises. And the gap between promise and performance has evoked a not always tolerant cynicism.

Yet the most important sense of that repeated question is one most foreigners miss. The promises that will test America are inward, not outward. Foreigners need to consider the Republic's most vital internal question, 'Will America keep her promises to Americans?' The answer will mould America's future, and it will press heavily upon the world's.

For America is still a land of promise. The verbal promises of her Constitution, the physical promise of her natural resources, are still the core of her world power and her national spirit.

'Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' To the thousands who heard his quiet words, the millions who have learned them since, Lincoln in 1863 was but re-affirming a promise that was the hinge to America's golden door.

To the immigrants huddled in the creaking steerage, America was the land of free opportunity. 'Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free'—the Statue of Liberty later came to symbolise the chance to use the qualities no accident of birth or rank could guarantee a man—ability, thrift and hard work.

As they built a nation behind the wagon wheels driving westward, for once in history men's chances ran equal with their courage and their works. There *was* room for all the ability available. Any man who found opportunity barred in the older settling communities could take to the road to find his own free acres. And the knowledge of this alternative slowed the crystallisation of those older townships into any fixed caste pattern.

The one factor which distinguishes the American ideal from those common to European democracies is a special form of equality. Its critics have called it 'tadpole equality'. The sociologist calls it 'social mobility'. The American may think of it as 'the chance to get on if you've got what it takes'—or he may just call it 'success'. The American believes that virtue brings its own reward—and brings it on earth. From the Puritan doctrines of its earliest settlers, life in an environment where riches came to the hard-working, not easily but fairly certainly, has distilled a belief that, to the able, industrious and thrifty, success was an automatic accolade. The citizen learned to measure personal fulfilment by ascent or descent on the social and economic ladder; to believe that, as MacLeish puts it, 'the promises are theirs who take them'; and to believe the converse—that to remain static or sink in social level spells failure. These are the keynotes of the American faith.

It is a faith which has moved mountains. Measured by results, its achievement is immense. The faith of Americans has wrung from a naked and hostile land in a few generations the greatest industrial civilisation in history. The belief that a man shall be measured by his rewards threads through the American zeal for bigness, the accent on multiplication. It is traced in the whole quantitative accent of the American achievement —the most, the fastest, the biggest.

The most characteristic product of American civilisation is a new kind of man. An American is unmistakable throughout the world, but not by his features or his language; by the way he thinks, the things he says, the way he behaves. He brings to each problem a confident resource founded on the faith that all doors open to effort. He has a new kind of skill. Disregarding the craft apprenticeships of their ancestors across the sea, Americans have a grounding of undifferentiated skill which takes to the machine more smoothly and certainly than any other race. This is the greatest American asset, this mechanical readiness, alien to deep-rooted practice, never decaying with an obsolescent technique. The fair counter-argument that, for extreme precision, America always buys from abroad, ignores the pattern of

'Old Glory' at Shanghai

assimilation common to America and to modern machine production—always drawing in new skills and breaking them down.

This new kind of man, whose untroubled confidence foreigners may question but must envy, is the product of a myriad of national folkways. From the day when the child realises that his mother's love and approval are conditional, that he must deserve her love by outdoing the other babies, the pattern is set. In the ability-ranked environment of the schoolroom, listening to the precepts of successful virtue; in the home, exhorted to gain praise by behaviour, asked always, 'How do you compare . . .?'; and in the street, fighting the ritual brawls which must convince his fellows and himself that he has what it takes, the American is formed. Throughout his upbringing the rewards come fully and abundantly, but only for those who deserve them. And the failure has no alibis of rank or advantage; failure is his fault.

It is a fitting ethos, if not the only one, for a new, growing civilisation. In older, more stable societies, the mobile individual who moves between social levels is subtly discouraged with the categories of 'social climber', '*arriviste*', '*déclassé*'. Only an expanding society, constantly recruiting new blood, can afford to make this mobile man the norm, erect him into an ideal. Into such a society, the immigrants were eagerly assimilated. In their turn, they gratefully accepted these upward-flowing ideals in their anxiety to become 'good Americans'. In this fluid society, drawing in new members—some forty million between 1820 and 1938—the only two yardsticks that mattered were how long a man had been over and how he'd 'got on'.

Family background for the average American falls into a constant pattern. There is the immigrant arriving in the last century, settling in a new land of which he was proud, but never losing the ties with the home across the sea. There is his son,

'The MacArthur' of Japan

educated to reject the old culture, and enter fully into the new, trying to fit into America without a ripple, with only the parents to remind him of the discarded homeland. And then the grandson, the 'real' American, emerged at last from all other ties, knowing no other traits, free of all foreign taint and no longer worried about origins, in smart American olive drab—he may march across his grandfather's European birthplace, but shows no more than surprised realisation, a 'Well, ain't that something?'

This nation had to justify itself before an older, sceptical Europe. Its ambivalence towards Europe reflects an uncertainty whether to envy or despise, its scornful strutting an anxiety to justify itself. It has justified itself, in peace and in the tests of war. But the need to assuage that uncertainty remains. Its talisman, rewards on earth, must shine ever bright. America is sustained by its national mystique which, for the fourth time this century, today faces the challenge of collapse. Many of its traditional economic bases are gone, perhaps for ever.

At the turn of the century the land frontiers had closed, the free land gone. And America, uncertain of her hopes, toyed with imperialism, with the 'manifest destiny' of her rising power to reach higher on the shoulders of lesser races. But the internal combustion engine and the age of electricity swung her eyes inward once more, re-opened new frontiers of technology.

The second challenge came with the First World War's huge expansion of the American machine. Again the nation faltered, seeking new frontiers. It found them in a combination of tremendous foreign loans and the promise of 'two cars in every garage'. That formula crashed in 1929, after the hayride of speculation and the loans for which repayment in the only currency the debtors had was refused. Henry Ford said 'History is bunk', but history did not need to blink an eye. It knew it would catch up on him.

To the third terrible challenge of the depression, Americans found no final economic answer. Franklin Roosevelt showed them that frontier in their own midst, the forgotten man, the huge pockets of hunger and squalor in a nation with its eyes fixed on plenty. He tried to lead them against that frontier, with the economic advance of the New Deal, the war against poverty. Whether, economically, he would have won, he was never to know, for in the heat of effort America was called to a new struggle.

Today, history's recurring question again rakes the American heart. Internally the market has not reached its limits. Roosevelt's 'pockets of want' remain. Raising the standard of the South and other depressed areas to the level of the East and Pacific West might well offer Henry Wallace's 'sixty million jobs', though perhaps not without political shifts which America is hardly prepared to make. Industry's manipulation of the desire for novelty and replacement is being turned on again, with the planning of fashion, the device of styling, the persuasion of advertisement, and the hire-purchase temptation to spend next year's income. Yet the old confidence is not there. The market has a bottom, and Americans know it. In July 1946, twenty-four leading government and business economists predicted another 'boom and bust' cycle; most of them expected depression by 1948. The expert estimates were reflected and confirmed by the polls which told the feeling of the vast, inexpert public.

The realities that backed the success ideology have disappeared for most Americans today. Most of them are 'third generation' now. They have achieved American fulfilment by the only grading their culture recognises besides success. Yet their chance of comparable fulfilment in success terms has declined sharply. Sociologists report that 'economic mobility' is reduced today almost to mere replacement of the vacancies left by upper rank families who do not reproduce themselves. In the matured American cities most of the men in the top grades are the sons of fathers in the top, or at any rate the upper levels. Whether or not the American has what it takes, today he is not likely to get it.

One 'Imperialism' superimposed upon another—a United States cruiser arrives to establish a base on British Bermuda

It is true that older societies have accepted this harsh truth before. But in America, the situation is different: there, failure to rise in the social scale is a sin, for which both social shame and inner conscience condemn the individual. Failure to get on strikes the American far more deeply than the man of other cultures, many of whose satisfactions have always been in spheres outside the social or financial. In America, a people whose hearts were nourished with a one-sided vision are coming to doubt whether it still holds true.

There are, broadly, two possible plans to close this gap between economic reality and national ideal: bring the vision nearer the reality, or bring the reality back to the vision. Some of America's educators and politicians think, or hope, that she may be able to remodel her ideals. Part of the New Deal philosophy pointed towards satisfactions outside getting on in the world, though it is fair to say that Americans found that part the least digestible. The new accent on 'social justice' showed a doubt whether the battle was always to the virtuous. But the people devoured most hungrily the promises that it might be, again. Some of the educational programmes of recent years have aimed at inculcating more respect for values outside success. Many liberals, like Herbert Agar or Lewis Mumford, look for a spiritual stability to suit the growing stability of the American economic system, a belief in fulfilment in spheres outside the economic.

But even if America could change her ideals, it is unlikely that she would. There is little need to over-emphasise 'capitalistic propaganda' or social manipulation by the favoured few. The ordinary American today is not convinced that there is anything wrong with his ideal.

Inevitably, then, the American maintains his vision, and seeks to haul back the reality to it. He looks once again for those frontiers which have never yet quite failed him. Without the blatant confidence of 'manifest destiny', with the chastened knowledge that loans are not enough, Americans are looking out over their sea borders. For a second time the New World has been drawn over 'to redress the balance of the Old.' Now it is inevitable America should conjecture upon the possibilities of the Old World for redressing the balance of the New.

It is with different hopes, different motives, different plans that the Americans are gazing across their dykes, but all are beginning to look. From the grandiose hopes of Henry Luce's *American Century*, Eric Johnston's *American World Chance*, the 'atom diplomacy' of William Bullitt, one may trace the thread through Walter Lippmann's *Atlantic Community*, the late Wendell Willkie's *One World*, to the acute quiet sociology of Margaret Mead talking of the Americans' need 'to make the world anew.' Certainly, there are huge conflicting trends in American policy. Isolationism will recur again and again. The returning Serviceman is partly disgusted with the Bad Old World. European

and Asian duplicity at the conferences rekindles old distrust of the people who welshed last time. Henry Wallace is still preaching the inward-looking idealism of the New Deal. But compared with the same pattern after the last war, these trends have little strength. Then, all those factors drowned the urge for expansion. Today, they are almost submerged by it.

What is generally called 'the emergence of America on to the world stage' is a pattern of expansion. The final form of that expansion is not yet discernible, not yet perhaps consciously considered. But already American post-war policy can be seen as aimed at restoring and enlarging fields of enterprise for her trade and underwriting the upward motion of her economy and its rewards to her people. Insurance premiums against her strongest trade competitor erecting fences against American competition are obvious throughout the terms of her loan to Britain, and it was on this and strategic arguments, discarding the question of obligation or generosity to a ravaged ally, that the loan debate was won. France and Poland, receiving American aid, have experienced the same conditions, extending in the latter case from the economic to the political. At the same time as she demands freedom for her own trade from any foreign barriers, America has shown no signs of scaling down tariffs, and in the Philippines has erected the preference system which in the British Empire she considers a 'restrictive device'. She is using military as well as economic power in China to ensure an expanding market and a strategic position, and her Pan-American political policy is constantly being rehashed to suit her economic needs there. American policy in the defeated and liberated nations of Europe has been economically directed towards restoring 'good business' elements, politically towards opposing Soviet-backed 'resistance coalitions' which welcome her UNRRA shipments but deny her normal trade opportunities and facilities. The use of the Export-Import Bank is admittedly for the furtherance of American trade. When, at Paris, Byrnes complained of Molotov's lack of appreciation that America was now participating in the affairs of Europe on a scale never promised before, he was making a virtue out of an advantage.

The world should appraise America as she is today without illusions. She is the world's greatest power, and she is faced with economic and spiritual dilemma. If she should decide that her mission, by whatever means, were to make the world anew, she could probably do it and do it well. The pressures within, which might make her want to, are stronger than they have been before.

There is no need to impute base motives here. America will enter upon no undertaking unless she believes she is doing right—that is the obverse of the Puritan medal. She has a confidence of virtue matched by only one other nation in the world. If America ever decided on a *Pax Americana,* she would believe that it would be better than any other New Order yet offered.

Those nations of the world whose philosophy is no longer expansionist must count America's need for expansion as a major factor in shaping policy. Some are tied to firmer and closer coalition with America; they should realise that their chosen rôle is hardly likely to be that of a junior partner in stability. Others in an extremity of fear and distaste would turn towards the only other nation with similar confidence and similar strength—the U.S.S.R.—exchanging one expanding nation for another, probably less generous.

Voices in both of the Big Two have often, in recent years, expressed distrust for older, less titanic nations. They have claimed that 'Russia and America can understand each other; they talk the same language.' Though the frequent next step in their argument—that understanding will bring agreement—is as untrue as it is illogical, there is some truth in this. They do speak the same language, because they have philosophies which have much in common. They share an innate pragmatic materialism, and a confidence that *their* formula is infinitely extensible to the whole world. 'The logical development of communism is world communism; and the logical development of Americanism is world Americanism.' Neither is at present prepared to follow that 'logical development' (the very phrase is revealing). But neither recognises many parallel or alternative standards against which their creeds need constant measurement. America wants 'economic free enterprise' and 'strategic bases' ever farther and farther from her soil; some Soviet sympathisers propound the fearsome doctrine that 'Russia cannot afford to have potential enemies on her frontiers.' Neither has any great belief in more than temporary, unsatisfactory compromise; each seized on Roosevelt's 'unconditional surrender'. From America's 'Get me results, I don't care how', it is not a long step to 'the ends justify the means.' It is a much shorter one back to using the atom bomb to win a war that, in America's own parlance, was in the bag.

TOWARDS A SOLUTION IN INDONESIA No. 2

BARBARA WHITTINGHAM-JONES, ***World Review*** **Correspondent recently returned**

WE now come to the story of the negotiations between Holland and the Republic of Java since September 1945. Down to May 1946, the Dutch have published four separate proposals on the structure of post-war Indonesia. These are:

1. The Wilhelmina Plan of 6 December 1942, proposing 'Equal partnership within the Commonwealth' for its four components—the Netherlands, Indonesia, Surinam and Curaçao.

2. A Declaration by Dr. van Mook on 6 November 1945, elaborating the conception of 'Indonesia as a partner in the Kingdom', by proposing such innovations as a central government consisting of a democratic representative body, with a substantial majority of Indonesian members, headed by a Governor-General as the representative of the Crown; abolition of the distinction between a Netherlands and an Indonesian civil service; admission of non-Netherlands citizens to the highest posts in all public services; recognition of the Indonesian language; educational reform; and economic rehabilitation.

3. A Statement of Policy handed by van Mook on behalf of the Netherlands Government to Shahrir on 10 February 1946, proposing a 'Commonwealth of Indonesia' within the Kingdom composed of territories possessing different degrees of autonomy managed by a representative body containing a substantial Indonesian majority, with a Cabinet, formed in political harmony with the representative body, and a representative of the Crown as Head of the Government Executive.

4. A Statement by Professor J. H. A. Logemann, Minister for Overseas Territories, in the Lower House on 2 May, in which recognition was for the first time conceded of 'an autonomous Indonesian Republic' as part of a Federal Commonwealth of Indonesia in those areas where the Republic is exercising its power *de facto*, i.e., in Java and Madura, though specifically excepting Sumatra.

For convenience, I shall subsequently refer to these proposals as Plans I, II, III and IV.

In Java the whole situation got off to a bad start due to the belated decision at Potsdam to allocate this theatre to Britain. Then, when Japan collapsed, every circumstance malevolently combined to frustrate a smooth take-over, a striking contrast to the situation in Indo-China, where fortune favoured the French in almost every aspect. Thus, whereas France had been liberated a year earlier than Holland, and had had time to formulate her Eastern policy in Paris, the Dutch were still in the first throes of sorting themselves out in Holland when the storm in Java broke. Hence, while the French were able to parachute a team of admirably selected officials into Indo-China to seize the reins, aided by their own ex-prisoners and internees who were enabled to acquire Japanese arms, the Dutch were not allowed to enter Java until after the Allies made their first landings, and in fact did not arrive in any numbers until 12 October. The French were also lucky in the appointment of General Gracey, an ideal man for the job, and sufficiently distant from the Supreme Headquarters at Singapore to ignore orders when it suited him as it not infrequently did. But the choice of General Christison for Java could hardly have been more disastrous alike to Dutch interests, and indeed in the long run to those of the Indonesians also, as well as to the good name of Britain. The damage done in the first two or three weeks by sheer wrong handling has never been repaired, nor lost ground recovered. Trouble began right away, and one unfortunate effect of this was to attract the attention of the international press, whose correspondents descended on Java like a swarm of locusts, an ordeal which Indo-China, having no 'story', escaped. Mostly war correspondents with no experience in covering a political situation, without any previous knowledge of the country to serve as a yardstick, limitations aggravated by a doctrinaire obsession that all revolution everywhere is the pure milk of democracy, the irresponsible 'line' they sold the world that the Dutch had returned as oppressive *herrenvolk* bent on denying the right of a subject people to become free, had a disastrous influence on public opinion in Britain and America, and even more so in Australia, which in turn led British policy into a morass from which it is not even yet fully extricated.

In considering the narrative of events, the

A rider of Goa, one of the guard of honour which welcomed the Dutch Lieut.-Gov.-General at the Malino Conference in July

proclamation by Admiral Mountbatten as Supreme Allied Commander South-East Asia (SACSEA) on 29 September is of paramount importance as the governing instrument of our subsequent policy. The function of the Allied forces was here set out as 'to accept the Japanese surrender, and to maintain law and order until a lawful Government of the islands was able to function again', and it further added that 'the N.E.I. laws, with which the people were familiar, were to be applied and enforced by officers of the Netherlands Indies Civil Administration (NICA)', thereby implicitly recognising the N.E.I. Government as the lawful government. But this declaration was no sooner made than it was undermined, and the whole situation confused by a verbal statement in Singapore a few hours later by General Sir Philip Christison, newly appointed Allied Commander, Netherlands East Indies, the general tenor of which was to say that British and Indian troops would not become involved in internal politics. So far he doubtless spoke to a brief. But his next statement that 'the Indonesian Government would not be expelled and would in fact be expected to continue the civil administration in those areas not occupied by British forces', was in direct conflict with the Mountbatten Proclamation. He continued: 'I intend to see the leaders of the various movements and tell them what we are coming for. *Until a change is made in the political structure, they must co-operate.*' Saying also that he intended to bring Dutch representatives and Indonesian leaders together at a round table conference 'which the Dutch have steadfastly refused to do hitherto', he added: '*The Dutch must make a statement on the status of the Netherlands East Indies and something must happen at once.*' Though quick to deny this presumptuous nonsense directly he saw it reported, the damage was done. The Republicans, headed by two notorious collaborators, Soekarno and Hatta ('America we shall iron out; Britain crack open with a crowbar') not unnaturally interpreted Christison's *obiter dicta* as implying that Britain had officially recognised their 'Government', dug in their heels and put up their price. This conviction grew when Christison was neither contradicted nor recalled.

The Hague instantly rose on its high heels, and on 1 October issued a statement refusing to negotiate with Soekarno or 'the henchmen of the enemy'. Van Mook, who arrived in Batavia as Lieutenant-Governor-General on 2 October, quickly sized up the molten situation, but was badly hampered in the first few days by completely inadequate cable connections with The Hague, and subsequently by a fusillade from Holland which, on a rising note of querulous old-maidish peremptoriness, scolded and hectored him, repudiating all his efforts to begin negotiations on the basis of Plan I.

Anglo-Dutch relations thereafter deteriorated rapidly. The Dutch understandably felt that, as an ally, they had been let down; the British, secretly ashamed of vacillations which are a painful example of the temporising diplomacy of 'Perfidious Albion', to cover their embarrassment took up the attitude that the Dutch would never have reconquered the Indies without the aid of British arms, that fighting the Indonesians was not our war anyway, and that in common gratitude the least they might do was to fix up a quick compromise with the Republic (and on the Republican terms if need be) and thus enable British forces to quit a row which was none of our making and none of our concern. In a confidential letter to his Staff officers, dated 1 January 1946, Christison gave full rein to his anti-Dutch prejudice. Describing the Dutch troops as 'slovenly in appearance and badly dressed', he went on: 'We think the Dutch suffer from lack of manners and were amazed to find their lack of gratitude . . . We consider them inefficient, unbusinesslike and lacking in discipline, and we often consider them lazy and unwilling to work in the common cause.' In the patronising tone which characterises the whole

The Buffalo Army of extremists, who wear a white uniform

letter he suggested that 'the majority of these unfortunate Dutch people are temporarily mentally sick', and bade his staff 'be more tolerant and show more sympathy and understanding' besides doing 'all in our power to assist them in raising their morale, helping them in their welfare and set them a good example.' Hardly the 'gen' for smoothing Anglo-Dutch relations or the idiom of a British general! This attitude was officially fostered by a handful of doctrinaire Leftists in the Political Warfare Department of AFNEI, who between them made a mint of mischief before they were finally packed off home.

Apart altogether, however, from any question of obligation to an ally which, after all, is to be offset by the merits of the particular case, British action in Java in those crucial first weeks displayed a blithe disregard of three cardinal facts: (1) that traditional British policy has supported the Dutch in the N.E.I. on account of our community of interest in the region of South-East Asia; (2) that a pro-Dutch policy was the declared policy of the present Labour Government as set forth in the Mountbatten Proclamation and subsequently confirmed by the Foreign Secretary in the House of Commons; (3) that war like peace is indivisible and that our declared policy should be maintained until its declared objects were attained. In this last connection it is not to be forgotten that after Pearl Harbour the Dutch declared war upon Japan before they were themselves attacked, and even before a declaration of war was made in London and in Washington.

The root of our present blunder lies in the unnecessary frenzy to consummate a revolution and establish a new political structure overnight in the midst of a chaotic military and political situation. When one considers the years we have spent wrangling in India and our lethargy in constitution-making in Burma, such senseless hustle aggravated by the cinematographic tempo of the sensationalist international press, the outcry about the dilatory methods of the Dutch when negotiations had been in progress less than six weeks can only be understood as an early manifestation of post-war neurosis. But the emergence during the first quarter of this year of the hard facts of the situation, alike in Java and Malaya, brought the Government to a more sober frame of mind.

So much for the Anglo-Dutch aspect of the preliminary phase. We come next to the touch-points between Holland and the Republic. At heart the Dutch all cherish the illusion that, but for the delay in re-occupying Java, plus the Allied blunders in September, they could have got acceptance for the Wilhelmina Plan. Even now they refuse to acknowledge, or are unable to realise, the vital factors which from the first ruled out the possibility of settlement on those terms. These are: (1) the intrinsic force of the nationalist movement; (2) the enduring bitterness engendered by the severity of their Penal Code and

other repressive measures for which a just retribution is now being exacted; (3) the basically anti-Japanese character of Indonesian nationalism; (4) the intensity of century-old hatred of the colonial *Orang Blanda* in Java and Sumatra.

As an opening gambit, the Wilhelmina Plan was broad enough to serve as a basis for discussion; but to present it as a substantial offer was so to underestimate the Indonesian position as to arouse fresh resentment and antagonism. Indonesian reaction to this offer was voiced by Hatta on 18 October in a speech which scored more points against the Dutch than anything else I have read on their side. Describing the Wilhelmina Plan as 'a streamlined version of the old Dutch colonial policy—something far, far less than we already hold', he argued that the Dutch were merely 'permitting us entry into the basement while we have climbed all the way up to the top floor and up to the attic.' Marshalling charges on the lips of Japanese prisoners, as well as of every Indonesian to whom I have spoken, that all the fighting in Indonesia in 1942 was done by Australians, British and Indians (the fact that the N.E.I. Army surrendered at Buitenzorg on 9 March after five days' fighting without casualties, speaks for itself) he asked: 'Why should Indonesia return to her former status as a colony of a foreign nation which did practically nothing to defend her from Japanese aggression, and then did nothing at all to free her from the Japanese?' Van Mook he pictured as having 'fallen victim to the delusion than, because he was born in Java, he was possessed of clairvoyant powers which enabled him to see what was missed by other Dutchmen', whereas in fact he, like the 'old China hand', though in the country, was not of it.

In unavoidable compliance with SACSEA demands, on 6 November van Mook tabled Plan II, though himself opposed to making any further declaration at that stage. In essence merely a longer version of Plan I, it contained nothing new and carried matters no further, thus pouring petrol on the flames. NICA reprisals against Indonesian terrorism were often as savage as indiscriminate, and N.E.I. soldiers were provocatively 'trigger-happy'. The assassination of Brigadier Mallaby on the 8th resulted in a hardening of SACSEA policy, and on the 11th Surabaya was invested by land, sea and air, being finally occupied on the 29th, though not without British forces acting under Christison's command having been at one moment on the point of being driven into the sea. These events had immediate repercussions in Republican circles, and as the result of an internal 'palace revolution', a new Cabinet was formed on the 13th with Shahrir, now brought in for the first time, as Prime Minister, and Soekarno promoted upstairs as President, an arrangement confirmed by the National Convention on the 27th. Now for the first time a responsible group came into the picture, and the first meeting between van Mook and Shahrir with Christison in the Chair took place on the 17th. If only the Dutch had now come forward with Plan III there is little likelihood it would have been rejected, for the great object of the Republic at that stage was to secure recognition. It was accordingly to explore the possibilities of The Hague agreeing to this line of approach that van Mook returned to Holland in December. Logemann raised no objection to recognition of the right of self-determination, but was unable to bring the government to the same mind.

Matters were in this *impasse* when van Mook, Schermerhorn and Logemann arrived in London on Boxing Day for the first Anglo-Dutch Government talks on Indonesia at Chequers. The Indonesian question now assumed a new aspect in British policy. The task entrusted to Britain by the Supreme Command of the Allied Powers had hitherto been held to be purely military. At Chequers, however, Britain accepted the responsibility of establishing a degree of security in Java which would facilitate agreement between the Dutch authorities and the Indonesian nationalists, and, by the decision, announced on 19 January, to appoint Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr (Lord Inverchapel) as Special Envoy to Batavia, Britain was committed to diplomatic intervention. Meanwhile, as a background to these events, the gathering opposition to the Dutch Government's handling of Indonesia broke loose and took the form of a violent personal attack on van Mook, culminating in a resolution passed by the Lower House on the 17th demanding the despatch of a Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry which subsequently became the van Poll Commission. Stated to be an inquiry into the facts of the case, its real intention was to investigate van Mook's conduct. Despite these breakers, however, the Government held stubbornly to their course and drew up the first really positive proposals on the Dutch side. But before these were released there was a general clearing of the decks. The return of van Mook to Batavia on the 28th coincided with the announcement of Christison's recall and replacement by Lt.-Gen. Sir Montague Stopford as Allied Commander-in-Chief; the withdrawal of Dening, Political Adviser to Mountbatten, to make way for the Ambassador; and, on the Dutch side, the substitution of Admiral Helfrich as Chief of the Dutch Forces by Lt.-Gen. Spoor, G.O.C.

Netherlands Indies Army. Simultaneously with these events the Indonesian question had also stirred other waters. The Ukrainian complaint to UNO that military operations in Indonesia 'constituted a threat to international peace and security' was decisively rejected by the Security Council on 13 February, after a discussion in which Bevin roared at the Ukrainian delegate: 'I give you the lie that we ever attacked the Indonesian movement.'

On 1 February, Sir Archibald landed at Kemajoran airfield; and at a formal meeting between the two parties at his house in Gambir on the 10th, van Mook handed the new Dutch proposals (Plan III) to Shahrir. Though smothered in pedantic teutonic verbiage devoid of appeal to the emotional enthusiasm for nationalism and democracy which dominates Indonesian political thought today, this proposal for a 'Commonwealth of Indonesia' did contain a practical basis for the satisfaction of nationalist aspirations. Tendered three months earlier, it would in all probability have carried the day. But having tasted six months of 'absolute' power and independence, the Republican core at Jogjakarta soon indicated that they were interested in nothing short of complete sovereignty. Informal conversations assiduously fostered by Sir Archibald made little headway until on 2 March Shahrir challenged the intransigent elements in the Republican Cabinet by resigning. A day or so later, commissioned to form a new Government, he returned to Batavia authorised to continue negotiations on the basis of 'full recognition of the Republic'.

On the 13th Shahrir submitted their first written proposals. In these they demanded recognition of the Republic as an independent state whose relations with Holland would subsequently be established by a treaty. With an eye on Viet-Nam, the new republic in Indo-China, discussions now began to advance on the line of recognition of the republic as part of an Indonesian federation under the Crown. Though the Indonesians retreated from this position, by the end of the month the two parties had come sufficiently near each other for the possibility of a final agreement to be in sight. Without in any way committing himself or his Government, van Mook decided that the Indonesian proposals were good enough to merit further consideration at The Hague. They were accordingly embodied in a provisional 'framework of agreement' afterwards known somewhat misleadingly as the 'Inverchapel Agreement'. The formula now arrived at was for recognition of the Republic as a Free State within the Kingdom of the Netherlands. But the negotiations broke

VAN MOOK, *the Dutch Lieut.-Gov.-General;* SIR ARCHIBALD CLARK KERR (*now British Ambassador to U.S.A.*) *and* LIEUT.-GEN. SIR PHILIP CHRISTISON

down when the Netherlands Government refused to recognise Sumatra as part of the *de facto* Republic (a new demand on the Indonesian side) and insisted that relations between Holland and Indonesia should be based on a protocol instead of a treaty, because the treaty-form is an attribute of sovereignty.

From these April discussions at St. Hubertushuis and at Chequers, however, there emerged Plan IV. This was the offer to recognise the Republic of Java as part of a Federal Commonwealth which was made by Logemann in a statement to the Lower Chamber on 2 May, when he opened the debate on the van Poll Report. At Jogjakarta, Plan IV was rejected out of hand on the ground that it constituted a 'serious deviation' from the 'Inverchapel Agreement', and two erroneous impressions gained wide currency: (1) that a compromise proposed by Lord Inverchapel was accepted by the Republic and rejected by the Dutch; (2) that van Mook had overstepped his authority and been repudiated by his Government. As to the first, throughout the three-cornered discussions over which he presided, Lord Inverchapel never tabled any proposals on behalf of the British Government; as to the second, the very reason van Mook took the 'framework of agreement' back to Holland was that he had no powers to proceed further independently.

On 17 June Shahrir delivered to van Mook a six-point set of counter-proposals. Briefly these

comprised: (1) immediate recognition of the *de facto* sovereignty of the Republic in Java and Sumatra; (2) on the basis of that independence the negotiation by treaty of some kind of federal connection between Holland and Indonesia, the ultimate relationship to be decided by plebiscite at the end of three years. It is on these issues that the two parties are still divided.

Turning now to the Parliamentary scene, the strength of the Calvinist opposition was evident in Logemann's argument that the principal objection being '*that the Republic is the exponent of the revolution*, will automatically disappear as soon as this organisation as such gives up its revolutionary attitude by recognising the Sovereignty of the Crown.' Watching the scene from the gallery as one stolid burgher after another mounted the rostrum and delivered his solemn tirade, I was chiefly struck by the absence of any real cut-and-thrust in debate. To English eyes politics in Holland have an air of shadow boxing. This is partly due to the system of proportional representation specifically designed to blur every issue and to approach it, not as an affair of black and white, but rather as one of interminable shades of grey; and partly to the pacific Dutch temperament. Where an Englishman relishes a full-blown Parliamentary row as a first-class sporting event, the Dutchman will do anything to avoid a head-on political collision. There is in the States-General no apparatus and no aptitude for a constitutional Opposition resounding from Chamber to press, radio and platform, no extra-Parliamentary pressure organisations worth the name, no heckling in debate, no whips, and, until the full sixty minutes allowed to each of the hundred deputies has expired, no closure. Political disputes therefore seldom resolve themselves into a clear-cut issue on which the Government stands or falls. Rather they are shifting, elusive, incalculable. The present case, however, is to some extent an exception. The Indonesian question has driven a deep single fissure through public opinion in the Netherlands since the revolution. By forcing what in fact, if not in name, amounts to a two-party alignment—the pro-van Mookites *v.* the anti-van Mookites—Indonesia has wrenched the framework of Holland's political machine out of its true bearing. At the same time the stultifying political set-up at home has, not for the first time, projected itself into the Indies with disastrous consequence.

The decision to debate the van Poll Report was taken in deference to this unusual crystallisation of opposing opinion. Held under the shadow of the approaching general election, it was not for this reason based on a proposed bill or even motion, an unprecedented procedure in the States-General for which the nearest parallel at Westminster was the Prayer Book debate of 1929. Intended to appease, if not to silence, outside criticism, the debate did usefully ventilate the opposition to any substantial form of independence which throughout the last nine months has weighted government policy at home and sabotaged all negotiations in Batavia. Including Logemann's opening statement, the debate spread over three days and lasted thirteen and a half hours. At the end of the third day the formulation of the van Poll motion recommending 'an autonomous form of government' for Netherlands India 'as a partner in the Kingdom' raised a definite issue, and was eventually carried by a Labour-Catholic vote of forty-five to twenty-six Anti-Revolutionary and Liberal. For the chairman of a parliamentary report to father a parliamentary motion virtually rejecting that report would be too Gilbertian a form of procedure to get by at Westminster. But at the Binnenhof van Poll was held to have extricated himself neatly from a false position, and, as one deputy remarked to me in the gallery: 'I speak no longer of the Report van Poll—I speak now of the Report Welter and the Motion van Poll.' On a broad perspective, to have educated public opinion in Holland to the point of willingness to transform a colony into a republic in the brief span of nine months, though too slow for the pressure of events, was nevertheless no small feat.

From this point until the time of writing, direct negotiations hung fire. But a number of events during the intervening four months are likely to influence materially the respective position of the two parties when direct conversations are resumed. The general election held in Holland on 17 May resulted in a gain for the Labour and Communist parties, and a loss for the Anti-Revolutionaries and Christian Historicals. Control of the new Chamber as of the old was left with the Catholic People's Party, one of whose deputies, Dr. L. J. M. Beel, secured the premiership. During the six weeks which elapsed before a new government was formed, a political doldrums descended upon Batavia. But this was followed by an even darker period when the gulf between the two sides visibly widened. On 30 June Batavia was electrified by the news of the kidnapping of Shahrir during the night of the 27th–28th by the Communist leader Tan Malaka, and the assumption of supreme powers by Soekarno. On 4 July the decision to despatch a Commission-General to take charge of negotiations in Batavia was announced from The

Hague. The stock of both Shahrir and van Mook had now dropped steeply and without warning, and the era of their combination seemed ended. Beel's first declaration to the Chamber on the following day also struck a conservative note and was received with much misgiving by all parties in Batavia. While endorsing the official statements of 2 December 1942, and of 10 February 1946, he omitted any reference to that of 2 May. Plan III, he said, embodied 'the framework within which the new Government too is prepared to effect a settlement regarding new constitutional forms.'

The ominous appearance of these first moves by the new Cabinet was, however, partially counteracted by its inclusion of Mr. J. A. Jonkman, a former President of the Volksraad and ex-internee who during twenty years' service in the Indies was noted for his progressive temper, as the new Minister for Overseas Territories. This appointment was welcomed both by Indonesians and also by adherents of van Mook. But for the present there seemed no indication of any attempt to remove the deadlock which paralysed negotiations. On the Indonesian side there loomed the prospect of a savage and imminent uprising; on the Dutch side an equally bloodthirsty campaign of repression.

The opening of the Malino Conference on 15 July, however, drew blood from the centre of inflammation and appreciably relieved the situation. The result, a unanimous declaration by thirty-nine delegates representing the 12,000,000 people of the 3,000-odd islands of the Dutch Archipelago (all except Java and Sumatra) supporting the creation of an Indonesian federation within the kingdom of the Netherlands, came as a surprise. Though Hatta tried to dismiss Malino as being 'held at the point of the bayonet', the unequivocal demand by even the most backward delegates for local autonomy and the fervour of their nationalism was evidence of unexpectedly strong political consciousness. A great success for Dutch policy, Malino was above all a resounding personal triumph for van Mook. For once allowed to handle the job his own way, his power of leadership found necessary scope, and both by his conduct of discussions in the Council Chamber and his sympathetic contacts with individual delegates, van Mook emerged as a real father of his people. Certainly the result improved his position at The Hague, and also in the estimation of Jogjakarta. Aware that Malino had stolen some of their thunder, the Republic chose the first anniversary of its proclamation on 17 August to rehabilitate itself in the eyes of the world. Soekarno resigned his emergency powers, ended the six weeks' period of dictatorship, and for the third time commissioned Shahrir to form a Government.

That a settlement will be reached by direct negotiation between the two parties now seems probable, though it may still take several months. But whatever the ultimate terms of settlement, one fact stands out: Java, and to a lesser extent the whole of Indonesia, will have achieved her essential emancipation at a single bound, unequalled by any other example in history. If the nationalist leaders had accepted the Commonwealth Plan of 10 February, they would have got everything they really want and as much as they can at this time digest. Responsible Republicans frankly admit their need of Dutch co-operation, especially in technical matters, to bridge the gap between tutelage and effective independence. Few members of the Republican Cabinet have any administrative experience, lack of which is Shahrir's great handicap. Amir Sharifuddin, Minister of Defence, on the other hand, is a good speaker and an able administrator, having formerly served under the Dutch in their Department of Economic Affairs. He now is clearly the coming man at Jogjakarta, and the combination of Shahrir and Sharifuddin, whose qualities are so complementary, is the ambition of many leading Republican intellectuals.

In Siam, where titular native sovereignty was buttressed by European technical advisers in government, industry and commerce, the more realistic Indonesians see the pattern they themselves would like to follow. In the forthcoming negotiations the chief obstacle the Dutch have to overcome is distrust of their very real intention to bury the old colonial system. In the substantial degree of autonomy guaranteed the relatively more backward countries of the Outer Islands at Malino, they have, however, given real earnest of their new policy. The Commission-General, seen now as analogous to the Cabinet Mission to India, may facilitate negotiations by enabling important decisions to be taken on the spot at Batavia where it is functioning as an outpost of the Cabinet. With ex-premier Schermerhorn as its President, and Minister Jonkman behind it, it would appear that van Mook's policy is still in the ascendant. The Commission-General may in the end prove to be little more than an astute piece of window-dressing to make that policy acceptable to a still conservative Chamber and people.

HOME RULE FOR MOROCCO?

THERE IS A NEW STIRRING IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA

NINA EPTON, who has just returned

THIRTY-FOUR years ago, the Sherifian Empire, known as Morocco, or Moghreb el Aqsa (land of the Setting Sun), the westernmost point penetrated by Arab invaders of the eighth century, was several hundred years behind the times, as judged by Western standards. The Sultan was master over only a limited portion of his dominions; nomad bandits scoured the country; Morocco's ancient civilisation was under eclipse—a dangerous state of affairs for a nation whose decline was carefully watched by modern nations with a surplus population and energy. Thus, thirty-four years ago, the Sultan Moulay el Hafid signed the *Traité de Protectorat* with France, after having called upon her help to free him from the plundering tribes surrounding his capital. But Moulay el Hafid did not abdicate before his own people. I have just seen the last letter he ever wrote as a Monarch, which is carefully preserved in the famous library of Sherif El Kitani, head of the religious confraternity of that name, in Fez. In it the Sultan declared to El Kitani's brother that he could not submit his abdication to the Moroccan people, but he would go to Tangier and surrender to General Lyautey there.

'This treaty,' say the Moroccan nationalists, 'was concluded in very particular circumstances. The Moroccan people were not consulted. On the other hand, the duration of the Treaty was never specified. There is no stipulation as to when it is to be terminated. We want to be masters in our own country again—we want our Sultan Sidi Mohammed to become our real leader, not a mere shadow, as he is under the present régime. We want the Treaty to be revised now. We want our independence, under the ægis of the Western Powers —as agreed to by the international Treaty of Algeciras in 1906. That is to say, we realise that we still need the co-operation, and particularly the economic and technical assistance, of such countries as France, but we want them to work *with* us, not exclusively in the interests of their own nationals, as is the case now. We do not want to be treated as subordinates in our own country.'

Are the Moroccans being treated as subordinates? Most decidedly, yes: from the top, downwards. The Sultan is maintained in his position of ruler with a certain amount of external paraphernalia. The famous Imperial parasol, the magnificent Black Guard, accompany him on State occasions, but, apart from his authority as a religious chief, it is the French Resident-General and his Councils who actually govern the country. The local Pachas and Caids serve merely to advise the 'protecting authorities', who make all the decisions. Educational facilities are few; Moroccans have so far not been encouraged by scholarships, etc., to study in French or foreign universities (there is no University in Morocco). The few educated Moroccans have little outlet for their talents. They know that the few posts available to them consist of an inferior rank in the Civil Service as pen-pushers. Several young Moroccans I met are taking advantage of the American offer of University education in the States on condition that they become American citizens. 'I intend to return to my country free to work for its independence,' said one of these young Moroccans. 'As it is now, my hands are tied. There is no opportunity for me under the present régime.'

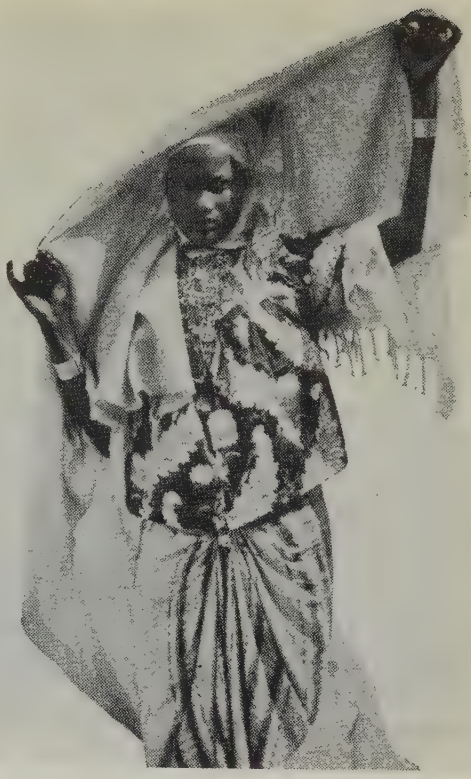
I spoke to many of the women too—the mysterious, veiled women of Morocco, whom the Europeans consider so hopelessly backward. Admittedly, they have not caught up with their Western sisters yet—but I venture to prophesy that in ten to fifteen years from now, they won't be very far removed from us, provided they get the chance. I spoke to them 'behind the scenes', for they do not appear in male company in public. Without their veils, they appear far less mysterious and are not afraid to voice their opinions and argue with their husbands, who generally acted as interpreters for me. 'We want our children to be properly educated,' they said. In every household I visited, in every town, it was the same story. 'We want more schools, more educational facilities. Has the English lady seen for herself the misery and plight of our people?' they asked, their large black eyes scanning my face anxiously. 'Does she realise how much we want to progress —independently?' That is the whole point.

'But we *have* schools—and very few Muslim girls attend them!' say the French. 'You see, they are prejudiced.' Yes, I suppose they are. They want, especially the women, their own schools, under their own people. I met several young Moroccan teachers who wanted to found private schools but they had not been granted the necessary

authority. I myself volunteered to stay in one of the big cities and work among the Muslim women. They were willing to accept me and place all funds at my disposal, but here again the protecting powers intervened and stipulated that I could stay if I did not meddle in politics and have anything to do with the nationalists. 'But there is no Moroccan nation,' I was assured by the protectors. 'The Moroccans were not united before we came —the Sultan is master over more people now than he ever was. If we were to quit tomorrow, the Berber tribes would descend from the hills, as they used to before we pacified the country, and sack the towns; the country would be in a state of chaos and anarchy. There are not enough progressive elements among the Moroccans capable of holding the reins. They simply could not run the country without us. Do not believe the subversive Arab elements of the towns—they are always trying to cause trouble. They are not real patriots; they are either profiteers or prophets.'

Well, I have met these 'profiteers and prophets' —the leaders of the Nationalist movement. It was not always easy, either. There is no freedom of the press or freedom of association in Morocco. The Nationalists, as they say themselves, 'have to work underground like a clandestine movement.' They try regularly to publish a newspaper and just as regularly it is suspended. Then they go back to monotyped tracts and leaflets, and secret meetings in private houses and in the 'medinas', or walled Arab quarters of the towns, where all plots are hatched. I met the leaders of the two independence parties of French Morocco and of the Spanish zone, and their liaison agents in Tangier and Fez and Rabat, and they all impressed me by their sincerity and will to succeed in spite of personal hardships and sacrifices. Balafrej, the teacher, is just back from his exile in Corsica; Ouazzani, the journalist, was liberated recently after years in Southern Morocco; and Si Allal El Fassi, a young Professor of the Quaraouine University of Fez, has returned home now after nine years' separation from his country and people in equatorial Africa.

These leaders were liberated by the new French Resident-General of Morocco, M. Erik Labonne, who arrived there recently with definite plans for a general reform. But, as he told me himself, 'reforms are never well received by anybody', and indeed M. Labonne has roused most people against him. On the one hand, his plans for the evolution of the country do not please the long-established French *colons*, or the administrators, or the military (three important regions of Morocco, by the way, are governed by Generals who like to quote Mr. Churchill to the effect that 'they have not been placed there to liquidate the French Empire'), and, on the other hand, as his plans have not made any mention of the all-important word, 'Independence', the Moroccan nationalists are disappointed. M. Labonne goes too far for some, and not far enough for the others. One of the things he wants to see is a better balance between the industrial and agricultural output of the country, which still possesses great untapped wealth. Monitors are being sent out to teach the 'fellahs' more modern farming methods, instead of merely scratching the surface of the earth, as they have done up to now. New industries are being contemplated. A merchant navy is to be built.



In mediæval Fez, a town of about 150 to 200,000 inhabitants, the General recently appointed in command of the region, General Laparra, means to pave the streets, clean up the dirt of centuries and extend modern amenities to the old town. There is plenty to be done. I saw two perspiring doctors in the one hospital of the old town (which takes in cases from the surrounding countryside too) dealing with outside patients at the rate of ten seconds per head. There is no sanatorium, although tuberculosis is rife in the

Ancient: *The Sultan, in whose name the French still rule*

overcrowded streets and houses. Occasionally, too, one even sees a leper in the Medina. As for the insane asylum, I was flatly forbidden to visit it, for 'that is one of the black spots we have not yet been able to overcome,' it was carefully explained to me, 'owing to Muslim prejudice.' When I asked the Nationalists about this, they laughed sarcastically and said that 'Muslim prejudice' was invoked all too often to cover up deficiencies of administration. The European part of the town, by the way, here as elsewhere, boasts of fine buildings and a modern, well-equipped hospital.

The food situation is better this year than last, when people died of hunger in the Medinas and wheat had to be imported from abroad. This season's harvest promises to be a rich one, although olives will be scarce—and oil is a vital element in Arab cuisine. Here again I was told that discrimination was made, as far as rations were concerned, between the Europeans and the Arab population. And when materials are distributed from time to time, a European woman will receive about two or three yards of cloth and the Muslim woman half a yard—less than useless, anyway. In addition to the French and other foreigners, there are roughly 200,000 Jews in Morocco. They live mostly in their 'mellahs', or separate walled quarters, in orthodox fashion, and the older generation keeps to its long, black caftans. They are not sufficient in number to give rise to any trouble with the Arabs, although a certain feeling of latent animosity does seem to exist, and the Arabs do not view too kindly the rich Jewish merchants of Casablanca. On the other hand, the Jews, particularly the younger ones, are more Westernised than the Arabs—the girls, for example, mix freely with passing European troops, a thing unknown to the Muslim women.

There is an active Communist Party in Morocco which has on several occasions asked to become affiliated to one of the Nationalist Parties, only to meet with a firm refusal. The Nationalists claim that they are Moroccans first and foremost, and do not intend to take their instructions from a foreign power. But by adopting a violent chauvinist line, the local Communist press has stolen some of the nationalists' thunder.

The Nationalists seem unanimous in their desire to see the Sultan restored as their actual leader. They aim ultimately at a constitutional monarchy run on Parliamentary lines, but they fully realise that their lack of political experience

Modern: *Casablanca, subject of the famous film, and a modern French city*

and *esprit de corps* will make it a slow and painful process.

The Sultan, in the existing state of affairs, has an extremely difficult and delicate rôle as mediator between his people and the ever-present Protecting Power. I saw him a little while ago receiving the traditional homage of his Caids, at the ceremony of the Hedya, which marks the closing of the yearly fast of Ramadan—an impassive, hieratic figure in immaculate white robes, on a superb white horse, advancing slowly and majestically under the shadow of the Imperial Parasol. Most Moroccans agree that he is one of the best Sultans they have ever had. He takes a great interest in education and assists personally at his children's morning classes. His daughters go about unveiled, for the Sultan believes in the emancipation of women. He resists, whenever he can, the encroachments of the protecting authorities and yet, at the same time, he is a loyal supporter of friendship and co-operation with France. In 1939 he issued a declaration appealing to his people to support the Allied cause, and even in the dark days of 1940 and after, Morocco never took advantage of France's precarious position to wrest her independence. She contributed loyally to the war effort, sent her soldiers to Europe, and she now lives in the hope that the spirit and letter of the Atlantic Charter will be adhered to and that she will be given independence.

This is obviously a difficult problem, but it must be faced soon. The French, in the thirty-four years of their occupation, have accomplished much. They have pacified the country and rendered it secure; they have built roads and communications; they have given many proofs of Western material superiority. On the other hand, owing to their post-war difficulties and the peculiar psychological climate engendered by the German occupation of their country, they are in no mood to relinquish their hold on a country which represents for them still, as Oudinot wrote in 1926, '*pendant la paix, une aide économique—pendant la guerre, une armée.*' There are many French administrators who are sincere in their belief that Morocco is not yet mature enough for independence and who fear the possible consequences of further foreign infiltration in their absence. These are the people who view our own policy in India with considerable anxiety, and who are persuaded that in a very few years' time it will be over-ridden by a predatory neighbour. Then there is the attitude of the French *colon* who is doing well in Morocco, who pays

no taxes, and who considers the country as his own.

Against all this, there is the growing nationalism of a country inspired by the example of India and other ex-colonial territories which are now well on the road to independence—a country which has its own way of life, its own code; where Europeans will always be strangers, whatever they do; where discontent and an unhealthy inferiority complex will continue to take solid root and forever grow new shoots, however much they may be suppressed, until the situation is faced squarely and the natural evolution towards self-determination is taken into account. We can still be friends; in the words of Sherif El Kitani, 'the ultimate aim is fraternity—a state where there will be no protector and no protected'; but there is a long way to go yet. Morocco looks to France, whose culture and traditions she admires. Surely France will not be found wanting.

THE PLIGHT OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

I. C. THIMANN

THE educational world is sluggish, conservative and obscure. Few of its outstanding figures are widely known; as few receive public honours. Books on education, as C. E. M. Joad has remarked, are inherently unreadable. The roll of Presidents of the Board of Education (now Ministers of Education) is heavy with mediocrities. Though of fundamental importance to a nation's greatness, and able to lift men, to a higher degree than formerly, from their environment, education is rarely news. A girl without plimsolls is sent home by some dour headmistress; an Oxfordshire chemistry master commits suicide in his own laboratory; a principal and a parent, whose son is to be expelled, resort to fisticuffs in the former's sanctum—such trifles alone have news value. The schools and universities go their unorthodox way, one day absurdly like another. . . . What strange circumstances, therefore, can possibly justify our dramatic title?

It is well to be clear what we are discussing. The Grammar Schools, in the present context, are those formerly known as County Schools. They are of late origin, dating mostly from the Education Act of 1902, which empowered the counties and county boroughs to provide or aid secondary education. They should not be confused with the old endowed Grammar Schools of classical traditions, once defined by Dr. Johnson as 'schools in which the learned languages are taught grammatically', though in curriculum they bear the influence of their predecessors. Broadly speaking, they represent the chief avenue of the lower- or middle-class child to the professions.

Briefly, the plight of the grammar schools lies, not in crumbling masonry or degenerate children, but in the deep dissatisfaction of the teachers. This dissatisfaction is both financial and psychological. At any time of full employment, of course, the secure if modest job appears less enviable; and fixed salaries have less real value as wage-rates increase. But the present anomalies are incredible. One example will suffice. London milk-bottlers recently struck for a minimum wage equal to the salary of a graduate teacher with four years' training. Such a situation exasperates the teacher who, though grateful to milk-bottlers for their indispensable work, rates his own value to the community somewhat higher, and who is traditionally loath to use a labour shortage to improve his position. And such examples could be multiplied a hundredfold.

On the professional pride of the Grammar School teacher the future excellence of our accountants, doctors, dentists, teachers, bureaucrats, politicians, architects, lawyers and scientists[1] depends. To use a term of not altogether pleasant memory, these are, in the main, the leaders of society. Yet the milk-bottler, the waiter, the plumber, and the fisherman are seemingly rated as high as he. But this is not all. The latest award of the Burnham Committee—on which the Grammar Schools are weakly represented—equates him with less well-qualified members of his own profession—the non-graduates.

An important factor is the decision to raise, on 1 April next, the leaving age to fifteen—which, in the absence of teachers and buildings, can only be attributed to a desire to get on with the Education Act, at whatever cost. This will

[1] The Barlow Report, stating that no fewer than 90,000 scientists will be required by 1955, is but one aspect of the national hunger for trained, educated men.

greatly increase the number of schools, now christened Modern Schools, that used to cater for leavers at fourteen. Their estimated requirements of staff, mainly non-graduate, are far heavier than those of the Grammar Schools. (To the latter, only about one in eight of the primary school population now proceeds, and it is not proposed to increase this ratio.) By the familiar method of economic persuasion, salaries are to be equal in both types of school, although the graduate's training may last two or three years longer.[1]

Considerable principles are involved, apart from mere sectional grievances: the acquisition of degrees is discouraged, and the education of children to the age of seventeen or eighteen in grammar schools—including preparation for higher examinations—is not considered more responsible than education to fifteen in modern schools. Whatever may be thought of the value of a degree—admittedly, in some cases, the degree course is a poor, examination-conscious affair—it surely provides a minimum veneer of learning; and whatever the strain of work in schools with large classes as opposed to life in the more sedate grammar school, this ruling is a definite imposition on study and research (in a profession gasping for outside interests), and also on higher work. How would the legal and medical professions react to this levelling-down of learning and practice?

Financial reasons apart, Grammar School teachers have been allowed to feel that their work is of diminishing importance; that they have been degraded by a social revolution, of which they could have been a spearhead. It seems to them that at the Ministry they fall between two extremes of opinion, one of which is prepared to level down all forms of secondary education, while the other is satisfied to see the Grammar Schools retarded in comparison with Public Schools. They can rarely receive credit for educational experiment so long as they are wedded to the School Certificate. Lastly, the Ministry's emergency training scheme, which aims to turn out teachers, mainly for Modern Schools, in one year, is calculated to depress the status of the profession as a whole. Teachers formerly spent from two to four years in preparing for their job; the effect of the one-year course is, they think, to lower their own professional qualifications. That almost anyone can teach is now a justifiable deduction. Certainly, there are many fine types now coming forward for emergency training; though to pretend that they are all supermen is to overlook the fact that many are asking up teaching because attractive terms have been offered,[2] or because they see few alternatives. A considerable number of these 'dilutees', in any case, seem likely to drift away after a year or two, since difficult conditions—crowded classes, unsuitable buildings, and separation from families—may daunt all but the most zealous.

It would be tempting to claim that disappointed teachers are leaving the Grammar Schools in large numbers. But that is hardly possible. Most men and women are, at a relatively early age, firmly anchored to their calling, departure from which is often a costly and uncertain business. Severe shortages have undoubtedly developed in certain spheres, notably in science, where Government service is proving a powerful rival; to administration, the British Council, the Colonial Service, Modern Schools (which make fewer demands on the teacher by reason of their freedom from examinations), and the independent or quasi-independent schools, there have also been numerous defections. But before the war, there was unemployment among graduates, and it will be about four years before the slack is taken up; for even though few graduates have qualified during the war, and fewer still take degrees in the near future, in view of the emoluments involved, there are many ex-Service men now training inexpensively, under the Government's Further Education Scheme. Most Grammar School teachers, therefore, cling to their posts, but in a spirit of despondency, and disbelief in educational progress, which bodes ill for the future. Such cynicism, though widely prevalent, is a rare phenomenon in the educational world.

The average Grammar School, like the independent school, leads a composite life. There has always been a welcome determination to educate for leisure as well as for a vocation. To this end, most Grammar Schools teem with sports clubs, debating, scientific, dramatic, choral and musical societies, and the like. Generally under the ægis of some member of the staff, these societies have provided exercise in democracy and responsibility. Some think, of course, that these activities have bulked too largely in the life of the school, and that ability to direct them too often governs the selection of staff. . . . *St. Swithin's Grammar School, Rainwell. Wanted, immediately, a young master able to teach Physics and Mathematics to Matriculation standard, with subsidiary Geography. The man appointed should be able to coach hockey, swimming, and archery, and assist with the dramatic and chess*

[1] The graduate actually obtains a fraction more—about £30 per annum—provided he has spent at least three years in obtaining his degree. A part-time degree is not rewarded at all.

[2] An entrant with five or six years' war service may, after one year's training, receive more than a graduate who has just completed four years' training.

clubs. He should also possess a good tenor voice, and be able to play the bassoon.(All this, on a salary of £315 p.a., rising by painful instalments to a maximum of £585!) . . . So might run a typical advertisement which Leonardo Vinci himself would hesitate to answer. But these external activities, which have in the past demanded a staggering amount of overtime, are being less and less indulged in by dissatisfied teachers. In short, there is a Trade Union spirit abroad in the Grammar Schools. Other state schools have tended to limit themselves to mere lessons, and so will they. Here is a further levelling down.

Reference has been made to the School Certificate—that annual strait-waistcoat into which all Grammar School children are forced at the age of fifteen or sixteen. This examination overshadows the pupil's entire existence at school, and children of quite tender age are urged forward, not by the carrot of interest, but by the stick representing failure. It is not to the credit of teachers that they have tolerated the system for so long. Now, however, the Grammar Schools are plunged, like the rest of us, into a kind of pre-atomic uncertainty, for it is proposed to abolish the School Certificate, substituting an external test at seventeen or eighteen—in the rather dubious hope that the bulk of children will stay at school to take it. It has also been suggested that there might be a new examination at fifteen or sixteen, an internal one, set by the schools themselves—despite the obvious temptation to be charitable to one's own candidates; but a sharp outcry has now arisen, among those believing the modern child to be soft, that the external examination should persist. Much of this protestation arises, I feel sure, from conservatism, and fears for security. And, of course, the plight of the Grammar Schools lies also in this: that, should their foundation, the School Certificate, be removed, the teachers, ageing, discontented, and immobile, on the maximum salary, and without incentive,[1] may be unequal to the task of devising new studies, whose attractiveness will supply as great a stimulus as does the examination.

The unsatisfactory state of the Grammar Schools is a matter that the Government would do well to heed. Speaking recently in the House of Commons, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education, himself a Public School product, said:

'I am convinced that if the highest type of secondary education were available for boys and girls from every type of home, according to their ability to train for the highest professions, the Public Schools would lose the race.'

This sentiment, admirable by present-day standards, savours of wanting something for next to nothing; for, with the levelling-down process which we have described, and the short-sighted treatment meted out to teachers in secondary Grammar Schools, the intellectual gulf between the latter and the best Public Schools must widen. Under pre-war conditions, with the greater amenities and higher staff salaries that many independent schools were able to offer, the struggle was an uphill one; now, with bitter and dissatisfied teachers in the State schools, it may well be hopeless. During the war, with a large staff mainly consisting of professional teachers, I was in charge of a vocational training school in one of the Services. As the teachers fell to be released, the Public School men showed themselves glad to go back. The servants of the Local Education Authorities, however, mostly Grammar School men, all refused Class B releases, and, in the main, delayed their return as long as possible. In their minds, the employers represented the inevitable 'they'—bureaucratic, parsimonious, inspiring no loyalty: there is, unhappily, only too much reason to believe this attitude to be general. Yet these are the men and their masters who, between them, will have to reorganise the country's academic education.

In spite of many obstacles, the Grammar Schools have done remarkably good work in a short space of time. True, they have been obsessed by somewhat narrow academic traditions, and have tended to provide passive instruction rather than active education, to measure success by examination results. Yet in the war just ended, their specialised personnel have been heavily drawn upon, and their serving officers, despite the strictures of Colonel Bingham regarding youths spoonfed by the state, have a distinguished record, notably in the Royal Air Force. If, then, it is desired that this state of affairs should continue, and especially that the country should be able to draw on the Grammar Schools for the bulk of its administrators, the Ministry must provide some positive encouragement: firstly, by ensuring that salaries are adequate to allow Grammar Schools to compete (with other professions) for the best graduates; secondly, with large-scale reforms to be planned and executed, by improving the positions of responsibility; thirdly, by encouraging part-time study and research; but, above all, by inviting the co-operation of teachers in framing a new, vital, and up-to-date education.

[1] The average teacher, on reaching the age of thirty-five, has little hope of advancing his salary or status. Each school has a few 'posts of special responsibility'—for which the reward is a few shillings a week extra!

WILL RADIO DEVELOP A LITERATURE OF ITS OWN?

RICHARD HUGHES, author of *A High Wind in Jamaica,* etc.

ALREADY once at least a mechanical invention had made a revolution in literature. For before the printing press was invented the writer reached the majority of his public not through their eyes but through their ears. Poetry was sung or recited; prose books, too, were recited or read aloud. Not only primitive communal literatures, such as the Homeric Cycle, the Sagas and the Mabinogion; at a much later stage than that, long after the poet took to composing with stylus or pen in hand instead of drum or lyre, he still wrote not to be read but to be heard. After all, music today is for convenience written as a score—but it is written to be performed, not to be silently conned. In the same way the writing of literature, for many centuries, was designed, first, to relieve the reciter's memory of the enormous accumulation of wares which the early bard had to carry; secondly, to establish a canon of the text; thirdly, to ease dissemination; but it was only a convenience—the ultimate communication was still to the ear of a listener. In classical Rome, for example, public recitation really took the place of book publication today; and even the rich man in his library commonly had his books read aloud to him by a slave.

The lovely illuminated manuscripts of the mediæval monasteries were meant to delight the eye, it is true, but to be looked at rather than to be read—at least, not read in the sense of passing round the monastery from hand to hand. Their text was read aloud in the refectory, or sung in the churches, rather than pored over in the cells.

The language of the Authorised Version of the Bible (as well as the Prayer Book) was so intended. For the effect of the printing press on literary style was profound, but it was not sudden. It was a slow development, culminating only in our own century. Gradually, in the intervening time, poetry acquired a subtler intricacy as the poet found he need no longer rely on the initial aural impact of word added one by one to measured word. By the same token such poetry slowly had to be banished from the stage (in earlier days poetry had seemed the natural mode for the stage, since the poetic was *par excellence* the mode of utterance aloud).[1]

[1] In Caxton's day, John Skelton described himself as 'Poet' and 'Orator' almost interchangeably.

Prose likewise developed a greater elaboration of structure, rolling out interminable periods, gorgeous and majestic to the eye, which on the tongue would have taxed the lungs of Aeolus. In short, there grew up a split in style between the art of the spoken and the read word: between oratory, an art which has extension only in time, and literature, which has extension in space coupled with a time dimension that the reader himself can manipulate at will—*if* he will.

Even then reading aloud died hard—barely a generation ago. The Victorians had their penny-readings for the public, until the spread of cheap libraries finally swept them away. In the family circle father or mother read aloud by the evening fireside. With a single oil lamp in the surrounding gloom, only one person could comfortably see to read at a time; in the general glare of electric light that custom also came to an end.

Thus the last echoes of heard literature had died away, but had only just died away, when a second revolutionary invention, wireless broadcasting, set the pendulum swinging again in the opposite direction. The Voice had come back.

It is ironical that the invention of radio came at that period of the history of mankind when contemporary literature was least equipped to make use of it. What a godsend it would have been to Virgil or Horace! How sonorously the amplifiers of the Surrey Side would have thundered the tones of Marlowe! Again, imagine yourself as a contemporary of Bunyan, *hearing* in the solitude of your chamber the still small voice of *Pilgrim's Progress* for the first time. Moreover, what magnificent broadcasts Shakespeare would have written (if he were not too busy adapting Shaw's plays for the talkies). But the silent writers of the twentieth century—the Voice was something they had just learned to do without altogether.

For most of the first-class writers of the period were engaged on one of two forms of literature, both of which in spite of their declamatory origins had now become inaudible: story-telling and poetry. Leaving aside lectures and speeches—neither of which was taken very seriously in those days—there had survived only one major form of literature still intended to be spoken aloud: the stage play. That, perhaps, should have been

RICHARD HUGHES

enough; the Theatre *should* have supplied that one necessary link between the age of the microphone and the ages of the bard and rhapsodist.

Yes: but even the theatre, alas, had suffered a change! There was a time when speech was nine-tenths of the play. Was it a bitter night? Then it was the dramatist's business to freeze your marrow with the words he put into the mouths of his shivering characters (words such as Keats uses about St. Agnes' Eve). Did the wings of a majestic fleet whiten the seas? Did the tramp of armies thunder on a dull and sodden countryside? Was there a tempest and the ship sinking? Or did a roomful of itching, unwashed noblemen simmer in the cookery of a Venetian summer? All this, too, belonged once to the dramatist's art, not the producer's. But the Victorians, the Edwardians and the Georgians had altered that. First came 'stage realism': scenery-forests for all the world like an Academy picture of a forest, snow that fell by the hamperful, the ocean in tanks; three walls of a Mayfair interior straight out of Mayfair, and Irish cabins out of Mayo. The actors could take all that for granted. They did not have, with their own powers, to make the audience see, feel, smell, hear —they did not have to conjure a scene or climate out of the empty air as the Elizabethans did.

Even when the crest of this huge and silly wave had passed, and there was a revolt against scenery of a photographic naturalism, this did not mean that the lost ground went back to the dramatist and the spoken word. It was the age of the producer and the star actor, not of the dramatist; of trick lighting, expressionist staging, the great performer whose pride was to breathe life into such dialogue as lacked it totally. The dramatist's part was considered to be finished when he had put his words on paper; he was not supposed to have the temerity to imagine himself how they should sound (as I found out to my cost when as an undergraduate I had with difficulty got leave to go to London to attend a single rehearsal of the production of my first play, and was sent back to Oxford with a flea in my ear).

Moreover, two other events of importance had combined to depress the prestige of the dramatist. One was the new vogue among highbrows of the silent film (talkies had not come yet). The other was the ballet. Both showed that theatrical art could, in fact, do without speech altogether.

It may seem that I have given too much space, in what is supposed to be a discussion of radio and the future, to bookish literature, the stage and the past. But it is the situation which predetermines the course of a revolution, not the figures who ride it.

Imagine miles of sand in an estuary at low tide. When the flood comes, the water chooses to run, for no apparent reason, in a deep channel it has made near one shore, and on the other side high banks pile up. Next year, again for no apparent reason, the old channel silts up and an altogether different channel is scoured out. It is the relative strength of the flow of tides from the sea and river-water from the hills which make these changes. If one strongly preponderates, no groins, no dredging will defeat more than momentarily the water's choice. If they are nicely balanced—why, then, a bit of rooted flotsam, a clot of sea wrack even may deflect the current. But the ships which sail on it cannot change it, be sure of that.

Nevertheless, when radio came, there were certain young men with a bent for writing who honestly thought they had the moulding of a new art in their hands. I was only twenty-two when I was given (quite by chance) the opportunity of writing the first play ever written for broadcasting in England or any other country; and twelve hours in which to complete it, incidentally.

Frankly, I over-estimated the importance of the occasion. I saw myself pioneer of a new form of art, something which had never been done before. Perhaps I was deceived by false analogy with the Cinema, where sight and movement without sound certainly seemed to have developed a totally new technique of expression. Surely

the radio play—sound without sight—was the cinema's missing half? Something, consequently, potentially just as distinct from older techniques?

It all happened quite casually. I had been dining with Sir Nigel Playfair, then at the height of his fame as manager of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith (home of *The Beggars' Opera* and *Abraham Lincoln*). It was a Friday night. Over coffee he mentioned that he was engaged to put an hour's semi-theatrical entertainment on the air the next Monday evening. He was himself reading a passage from Jane Austen, he said; and one of A. A. Milne's *Punch* dialogues would be read in parts by actors. He had not quite decided on a third item.

'You know, Hughes,' he remarked suddenly, 'I believe what is really wanted for broadcasting is something specially written for the job. A pity there's no time now to get it done; we begin rehearsing after lunch tomorrow.'

'I can do it in the time,' I said, 'and I'd like to have a try.'

Sir Nigel's eye went small and bland, like the eye of a calculating fish. 'Ten guineas,' he said, 'for all rights.'

'You mayn't like my play when you read it. Let's leave terms till the morning,' I countered.

But I didn't really care about the terms : I was afire with excitement. I was a poet then, and I realised at once that what was needed, if drama were to be played blind (as it were), was the poetic technique of sensory stimulation, using the devices of indirect suggestion, the tricks and feints by which Keats and the Elizabethans make you sweat or shiver or dazzle at will; all this, together with the action, breathing through dialogue: not men talking oblivious of their material surroundings, but talking as if for them (and God knows how rare that is) the visible world really existed.

At the same time I was well aware that the novelty of the medium, so attractive to a young writer, was likely to be a hard obstacle for the listener to get over. Would he ever accept it? All his life he had been *seeing* plays: how was he to discount the awkward, enforced blindness which made *this* play invisible to him—played as it were in the dark?

In the dark! That was an idea. I would set my play in the dark; the characters as well as the listeners should be unable to see. An accident in a coal-mine perhaps . . . 'The lights have failed!' —that should be the opening line. A theme not merely suitable for broadcasting but suitable only for broadcasting: one which could not in fact be staged in the ordinary theatre; the emotions of men groping for half an hour in utter blackness!

To complete the illusion the announcer should ask listeners to turn out their lights, and sit listening in the dark, too.

I went home and wrote all night. I read my play, *Danger*, to Playfair over breakfast, and we went into rehearsal a few hours later.

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since then; in another year or two the B.B.C. Drama Department will be eligible for a silver microphone. During that period radio-plays have passed from the stage of a casual experiment to being rated the most popular of all programmes with the British listener—eclipsing, I believe, even Variety. But a new art? Bunk!

Moreover, their time is almost up. Television will soon kill the purely listening play as surely as the talkies killed the silent movie. Nor do I see, in the few years left to these plays, much chance of an Indian Summer such as illumined the last years of the silent film: not at any rate unless the B.B.C. comes to take plays more seriously, and to give them proper time for rehearsal (including adequate microphone time). It is almost useless today for a radio dramatist to attempt to write with any subtlety, or to draw characters not out of the stock-type catalogue: the play will be on the air and off again before the cast have a chance to discover what he *is* at. Hence, partly, the comparative efficiency of broadcasts of well-known plays; the casts do not have to start quite from scratch in the race to get acquainted with their parts. But even Marlowe's *Faustus* was recently put on the air so raw that many of the cast seemed hardly to recognise their lines—like children drearily learning to read.

The fundamental trouble is the Corporation's policy that a production must be heard only once (or twice at most). Hence their clamour for more and more scripts, which inevitably lowers the standard accepted: hence the inadequate rehearsing, the lowered standard of production, which breaks the heart of the more ambitious author—and this, too, leads to mediocre scripts. The radio-critic, moreover, is writing in a vacuum: he cannot advise listeners, as the theatre critic can, in time for them to take his advice—'That is a good play, that was', sums up his function!

Even the local cinema in a small town exhibits the films it rents three times or for a whole week; or if you miss a film in one town you can catch up with it in another. Few people really *listen* to the radio every night. If the B.B.C. put on a quarter the number of new plays, but gave each play four times the number of rehearsals (especially studio rehearsals) and four times the number of performances, then Radio drama might have had a chance of growing out of short pants.

Perhaps the Television play, when it comes, will have better luck.

It is a pity, because the play was the one remaining bridgehead held in literature by sound; its development the most likely chance that broadcasting would *be* literature. For the rest of the spoken word—apart from pure entertainment: lectures, political speeches—it was a pretty shabby inheritance at the time radio came into it! Moreover, an essential quality of the lecture and political speech is that it is—or at least purports to be—spoken by the author himself. Hence, I suppose, came the unhappy tradition in broadcasting of the personal appearance: that the author of a broadcast should be the man who utters it. On the lecture platform or the hustings there is some sense in it; you can question the man on what he has said. But at the microphone this *raison d'être* is gone. The custom, then, seems to have no sense in it at all. A Harold Nicolson, who combines the most consummate artistry of the voice with a rich subtlety of mind and verbal expression, is the rarest exception; a far commoner case is that of a certain eminent Foreign Correspondent whose reputation as a broadcaster stood high while a professional announcer was his mouthpiece, until, by some unfortunate mischance, he was enabled to come to the microphone himself. The shoemaker makes the shoe: the ballerina dances in it. We do not expect the shoemaker to get up and dance or the dancer to make her own shoes. I know there are many people, both inside Broadcasting House and outside it, who feel that the standard of broadcasting would be very much improved if the same principle held good here. After all, there is only one British programme which is respected throughout the world, and that is the programme for schools. Is it irrelevant, that this is the only programme in which the 'personal appearance' does not obtain?

But discussion of that programme, excellent though it is, is a rather far cry from the problem of radio and literature.

For the future? Will radio ever develop its own valid literature?

Radio, of course, *may* go the Hollywood way to fatuity, and produce nothing 'valid' at all. As for Hollywood, let me point an analogy and a contrast. In the Middle Ages painting had one universal patron, the Church. If a painter was to live by his art he must paint religious pictures; he had no freedom of theme. Yet great painting was done that way—because the painters believed with heart and soul in what they were painting. Today the film director and script writer have likewise one universal patron—Finance. As the mediæval painter was conditioned in his work by the worship of God, so the film man today is conditioned by the worship of Mammon. If he really *believed* in Mammon that might be all right, in a queer way. But he does not—we none of us do, if we are honest with ourselves; we are brought up to pay lip-service to Mammon, but in any momentous issue we find belief in him has no real roots in us: in the artist least of all.

That is equally the great danger of commercial broadcasting.

Mr. Charles A. Siepmann, I notice, deplores, in a recent book (*Radio's Second Chance*), the benevolent despotism of the British broadcasting monopoly as 'undemocratic'. Perhaps he is right. But he is equally alive to the dangers of the American system. Perhaps, as he preaches, Frequency Modulation can save us from both. But personally, if I had to choose between worshipping Mammon and worshipping Lord Reith—yes, if the choice were made as dour as that—it would be on Lord Reith's altar that I should offer up the sweet-smelling savour of my sacrifice, the thighs and the fat thereof.

On the other hand, it may be argued, not implausibly, that Radio will be the *only* literature of the future; that the present age of universal literacy is only a passing phase; that in a generation or two reading and writing will be 'dead', like Greek and Latin: dead for the same reason, that they will no longer be necessary for daily life—with radio, robot loudspeakers, television, telephones, films, dictaphones, calculating machines, and whatever new paraphernalia (such as radio-telephonically-recorded microgramophone records) may lie in the womb of time to spare us the acquisition and practice of these troublesome and archaic techniques.

My own belief, and hope, is rather different. I do not believe that will happen, nor do I believe that there is any need, or any room, for a *separate* radio literature. Writers of genius are too few, for one thing; supply could never catch up with demand, so long as books continue to be written as well. But I do believe that the effect of radio on literature generally will be as profound, if almost as slow, as the effect of the printing press. Sooner or later writers will come once again to write at least as much for the ear as for the eye. Radio would gain by this enormously, since *all* literature would become fit material for broadcasting. And literature will gain enormously, too, by the discipline of the microphone.

For much too long a time books (like good little boys in the Victorian era) have been Seen and not Heard.

Public execution at Tyburn, relished by many as much as the recent trial of Neville George Clevely Heath

THE ENGLISH ARE ALSO BRUTAL?

JOHN DUFFIELD

'When one speaks of the cruelty and brutality which characterises the English character, this judgment is based on utterly impartial sources and on accounts derived from even the most enthusiastic friends of the English nation (the author of this history regards himself as being such an admirer of England and her tradition of freedom).' Thus wrote Dr. Iwan Block. And yet the British in their laws may justly claim to be among the most humane of nations. This is no mere lip-service to an ideal, as is shown by the anger any act of cruelty either to children or animals arouses. If further proof is needed, our comparatively humane treatment of prisoners-of-war supplies it.

How, then, are we to explain the paradox? Here modern psychology helps us, and it does more, for by this knowledge we may hope to control forces which hitherto have controlled us.

Let us first examine this instinct of cruelty in our ancestors. We have it on Tom Browne's authority (about 200 years ago) that there lived in Holborn an old barrister who 'always gave his clerks the day off on execution days that they might have some fun.' Possibly in those days of low wages and long hours they needed it, but more wholesome 'fun' is conceivable. And Dr. Block tells us that at executions, 'even men of the intellectual eminence of Swift would laugh and shout coarse remarks.' The same author, referring to this inordinate joy in execution, says: 'This depressing state of affairs continued until recently not only in the large cities but in the country as well. At an execution the small town folk would act like a bunch of degenerates and even the best among them would be corrupted by the contagion of brutality. When an execution took place at the little town of Chelmsford, a veritable carnival of

debauchery reigned there. . . Folks came from miles around and the young men and women organised picnics.'

One cannot wonder that *habitués* of executions developed, and Dr. Johnson's biographer, James Boswell, was one of these. Not only was Mr. Ackerman, the overseer of Newgate, an esteemed friend, but Boswell had a special black suit for such events which he wore to 'observe the proprieties of the occasion.'

Another execution fan was George Selwyn—a man described as being 'by nature especially kind and generous and fond of children.' Yet when the regicide, Damien, was to be torn apart by horses, Selwyn made a special journey to Paris. When he had elbowed his way to the scaffold he was pushed back by the executioner. But on learning of Selwyn's special journey from England, the burly beast was so moved that he provided him with a place on the scaffold.

Several points of psychological interest emerge from these brief descriptions. First, there can be no doubt that the cruel tendencies were widespread among the population and that eminent men saw fit to participate. Then there is the reference to 'the best among them being corrupted by the contagion of brutality.' In other words, these executions were an excuse for mass debauchery. For it is only when part of a mob that the normal person will descend to such conduct. History is rife with examples of primal instincts surging forth when men gather into crowds. The phenomenon is unfortunately too well known to need further discussion.

A most important point is the description of George Selwyn as a 'kind and generous man' who was 'fond of children'—an example of ambivalence on which hinges the explanation of much that would otherwise be unintelligible. As Jung especially has shown, there are in the human mind polar opposites—love and hate, or kindness and cruelty, are two of the most prominent. When one pervades consciousness, the other is repressed into the unconscious from which it may emerge with disastrous results. Usually one of the polar opposites is socially taboo; for instance, hatred of close relatives is taboo and is therefore repressed, but we all know with what violence such hatred may at times burst forth.

The more a polar opposite is repressed, the more force it collects, and when it does burst forth, it will do so in a primitive form. Coming as it does from the unconscious, it has a strangeness and an overpowering strength which surprise and shock its possessor. In mobs especially, the veneer of civilisation is too often discarded and a regression to an unbridled expression of these forces occurs. The logical thinking of the rational mind is replaced by primitive or emotional guides to action. The progress of the race has depended on supplanting this impulsive type of action by reasoned conduct.

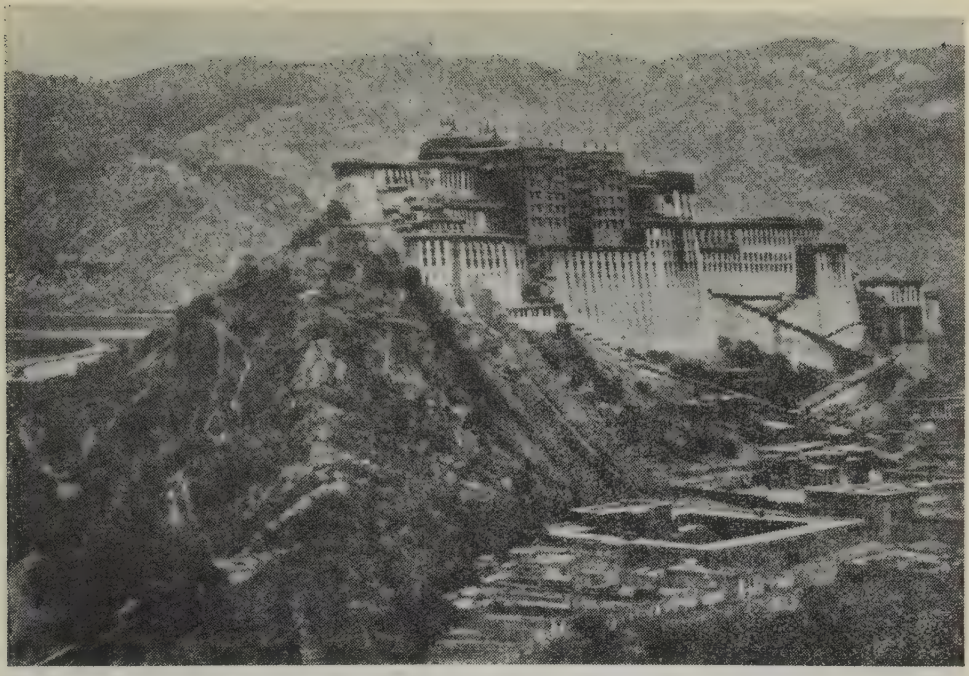
These instincts are present in all of us; they are part and parcel of our make-up. What is important is how they find expression, and this has varied in different epochs. Until comparatively recent times the expression has been direct—the Roman Circus, bear-baiting, prize-fighting and public executions. But into the present century only the more emasculated forms have survived—boxing, blood sports and, as a perversion, flagellation. The instinct is, however, not dead; it is only repressed. The most ardent pacifists have been known to show it when expounding the rightful fate of warmongers. A person much opposed to capital punishment was convicted of a savage assault on a policeman outside a prison where an execution was taking place. But this was in the pre-war days before such events lost their significance in the general Armageddon.

It is likely that the wave of pacifism of the 'thirties led to too severe a repression of the destructive instincts which has its counterpart in the forces of destruction unleashed in the recent holocaust.

The question which should concern us is not whether such instincts exist, whether they are right or wrong, nice or nasty, but how they can be utilised for Man's welfare rather than for his annihilation. For, if unchecked, it is to Man's annihilation they will surely lead.

The answer lies in *sublimation*—a process whereby these primitive urges are harnessed for the use of Man. The lady who assaulted the constable outside the prison was at least on the right track. She was striving (in her view) for social reform; likewise the pacificists and all the other 'ists'. Some may be unbalanced and even ludicrous in their efforts, yet it is in the direction of social reform that we must look for the useful employment of the aggressive instinct.

As Dr. Block says, this instinct is strong within the English. That is why, when properly employed (sublimated), it has placed them in the van of humane progress. But it was its direct and primitive exhibition which led George Selwyn to make his notorious journey to Paris. If we are not again to bite the dust, our future course is plain. Disease, slums, poverty, unemployment, ignorance—these are Public Enemy No. 1 for the future.



The Potala, or palace, at Lhasa, the capital

TIBET:

With changes in China and India, will it now become 'a modern state'?

STANLEY WOLFE

ALTHOUGH the war has perforce greatly increased our knowledge of the world, there are still countries which, in our minds, are little more than legends.

Such a country is Tibet. How many of us are aware that this land is over six times the size of Great Britain; that it is the source of the Irrawady and the Salween rivers of Burma, the Indus, Sutlej and Brahmaputra of India, and the Yangtse Kiang and Hoang Ho of China?

A vast plateau, 13,000 feet above sea level and cradled among the highest mountains in the world, Tibet, in the remote past, was settled by nomads of Mongolian stock.

Their early story is merely of a banding together of tribes and the subsequent growth of a nation. A new era began about A.D. 650 when the victorious armies of Tibet overran the Chinese provinces of Szechuan and Kansu. The Chinese Emperor, to obtain peace, was obliged to send an Imperial princess as wife to the Tibetan monarch.

This lady converted the King to the Buddhist faith, which was adopted as the state religion, superseding the older 'Bon' belief. Though nothing more than devil-worship, this former paganism had a greater appeal to the common people—the devils who brought the blizzard and evil spirits who destroyed their crops by hailstorms being more easily understood than the teachings of the Buddha. Nevertheless, the royal conversion gave Buddhism an impetus which it never lost. Constantly strengthened by the work of Indian disciples, and assuming a form essentially Tibetan, it became the dominant factor in Tibetan culture.

As early as 1270, an Abbot of the Lamaist Church received from the Mongol Emperor of China complete temporal authority in Tibet. This authority was retained until 1350. The Reformed Church grasped the reins of government again in 1640, under the leadership of the ruthless and greatest of the Dalai Lamas, Lobsang Gyatsho.

'Dalai', as the title given to the *temporal* ruler of Tibet, had existed for some 150 years. An

Golden Temple of the Palkhor Choide Monastery, at Gyantse

Abbot who died towards the end of the fifteenth century was believed to have been reborn in a child, who consequently succeeded him. This theory of reincarnation was gradually adopted to select the Abbots, the third of whom, on a visit to the Mongolian prince, Althan Khan, was given the title 'Dalai'. The word is Mongolian, equivalent to the Tibetan 'Gyatsho', and is translated as 'Ocean of Virtue'.

The fifth Dalai Lama made an indelible impression on the history of Tibet. Shortly after his accession, he proclaimed himself to be the reincarnation of Chenresi, the patron saint of Tibet. An ancient Tibetan legend claims that Chenresi transformed himself into an ape and, allied to a she-demon, became the progenitor of the Tibetan race.

The claim of reincarnation was enforced by the ruthless silencing of all opposition to its validity. One other high Lama was allowed to share this divinity. He was the Dalai Lama's former tutor, who received the title of Panchen Rimpoche—'Precious Gem of Learning'. Thus began a dual leadership, which today is responsible for a schism in the allegiance of the Tibetans.

This period also witnessed a further increase of Chinese influence. The Chinese Emperor at Pekin, in return for an oath of loyalty, presented the Dalai Lama with seals of office which are now the State Seals of Tibet.

During his last years Lobsang Gyatsho appointed a Regent to carry on the administration. To retain his power, the regent successfully concealed the Dalai Lama's subsequent death for sixteen years. The discovery of the secret in 1696 necessitated the creation of a new Dalai Lama, who was arrested and exiled ten years later at the instigation of the Chinese Ambans (resident officials in Tibet). His death shortly afterwards was probably due to poisoning, Chinese complicity in which is almost certain.

Civil war, which followed the assassination of the Regent, brought Chinese troops to restore order. Their arrival coincided with a Tartar invasion, and its defeat brought Tibet still further within the Chinese orbit.

The Chinese had become the real masters in Tibet, for temporal authority was vested in the regent who was merely the tool of the Chinese Ambans. By 1757, Chinese troops had crushed all opposition, and Tibet became practically a province of the Celestial Empire. The Dalai Lamas were now elected by the conquerors, and it was no mere coincidence that, from 1803 until the thirteenth Dalai Lama was elected in 1876, no holder of the title lived beyond his twenty-third year. The Dalai Lama enjoyed the deepest reverence of the Tibetan people and, therefore, was the only person who might conceivably become the centre of a revolt against the Chinese overlords.

The British Government in India made efforts to negotiate with Tibet as long ago as 1774, when Warren Hastings sent an agent to try to establish trade relations. Little success was achieved until, in 1888, continued violations of the frontier by the Tibetans compelled the Government of India to take action. As a result, trading facilities were granted to Indian merchants in 1893. The subsequent failure of Tibet to observe these conditions led to the dispatch of the famous Younghusband Mission in 1904, which secured free trade for British subjects.

On arrival in Lhasa, the Mission discovered that the Dalai Lama had fled to Mongolia. He attempted to return to his country in 1909, but he was forced to flee once more by Chinese plots against his life. And although previously hostile to the British, he accepted an offer of sanctuary made by the Government of India, who placed a house in Darjeeling at his disposal. After three years' stay, his suspicions had given way to a firm friendship.

The Chinese Revolution of 1911 gave the Tibetans a long-awaited opportunity. They

Tulku Lamas, or princes of the Tibetan religion

Costumes for the 'funeral of the old year'

11

rebelled against Chinese domination, now represented only by garrisons stranded by the struggle at home. His Holiness, the thirteenth Dalai Lama, returned to assume complete temporal control of an independent Tibet.

The existence of a dual divinity dating from the seventeenth century has resulted in the temporal administration (under the Dalai Lama) always tending to disagreement with the spiritual administration (under the Tashi Lama—Panchen Rimpoche). As the Tashi Lama, regarded as the incarnation of the 'Buddha of Boundless Light', is therefore the spiritual father of the Dalai Lama ('Lord of Mercy with Penetrating Vision'), it is believed by many that the former is spiritually the higher of the two.

An acute disagreement in 1923 forced the Tashi Lama to flee to Mongolia. He was later welcomed by the Chinese Government, who saw in his presence an opportunity to regain influence over Tibet.

The thirteenth Dalai Lama died at Lhasa in 1933 at the age of sixty. The people desired that the Tashi Lama might return, in order that they should not be deprived of the spiritual presence. The Chinese thereupon insisted that their troops should accompany him on his return. Such a proposal was rejected by Tibet, and His Serenity, the Tashi Lama, took up his residence in Eastern Tibet, a little outside that portion ruled by the Tibetan Government. It was here that he died in November 1937, and Tibet was left without either a spiritual or temporal ruler.

On July 20, 1939, it was reported in Chungking that, in accordance with tradition, Tibetan monks had discovered the reincarnated Dalai Lama. The discovery was made in the village of Tahersze, in the Eastern province of Koko-Nor. The boy was born at the same hour at which the Dalai Lama had died; was of a 'sweet and amiable disposition', and the priests declared that, beyond all doubt, he showed the signs of possessing the soul of the Dalai Lama. In February 1940 he was enthroned as the temporal ruler of Tibet, and given the names of Jampel Gyatsho.

This selection of the fourteenth Dalai Lama was officially approved by the Chinese Government in Chungking, which theoretically still exercises sovereignty over Tibet. The Chinese authorities were also mainly responsible for the removal of the boy to Lhasa, and it was believed that another effort would be made to restore Chinese influence.

As a result, the first Chinese Mission for many years is now resident in Lhasa. A Tibetan Mission is also established in Koko-Nor, westernmost province of China.

There are, however, signs that, even in remote Tibet, modern ideas are stirring. Owing to political events, there has recently been formed a Tibetan Nationalist Party which is opposed to Lama rule, and is working to transform Tibet into a 'modern state'.

The Lha-Lung Monastery at Lhasa, with the Avatar, or 'incarnate Lama' on the balcony

CONVERSATION PIECE DOWN SCREW ALLEY[1]

WARREN ARMSTRONG, author of *The Red Duster at War*, *Battle of the Oceans*, *The Freedom of the Seas* and *Saltwater Tramp*

THE Chief Engineer hooked a long leg over a handrail, plugged an old briar pipe, got it going, blew a cloud of blue, fragrant smoke in the general direction of the engine-room skylights, and said: 'Twice in twenty-five years America has stirred towards sea power, in a big way. And twice in twenty-five years American statesmen have managed to help precipitate a world-wide race for ocean-carrying supremacy—a race that proved suicidal for both Britain and America alike!'

We were homeward-bound from the Americas; we had left New York the week Congress was debating the Bland Bill, which seeks to settle the repeated problem of American surplus wartime merchant tonnage. Two suggestions had been put forward: first, the States should sell that obsolete tonnage 'in the open market' at scrap prices, and no awkward questions asked of buyers. There was big money in this method . . . and a fine disregard for the consequences bound to follow in the wake of such a wholesale deal.

Undoubtedly the U.S. would find eager buyers in Italy, in Greece, in other European countries where bogus operators are waiting, ready to seize the chance to start a second post-war suicidal race for world sea-carrying supremacy—at cut-throat freight rates. If Congress voted for such 'open market' disposal of her obsolete ships, *the decision might well mean the crippling of British world tramp shipping for ten years!*

Secondly, America could do the only sensible thing, and condemn her 30,000 surplus ships, selling them domestically for conversion into steel plate and re-conversion into marketable products still in short supply.

But that 'open market' threat is far too real, far too tragic in its implications for seafaring men to ignore; and here, in the engine-room of a British freighter in mid-Atlantic, the Chief Engineer, a craftsman shipbuilder and I were ready to debate the ways and means whereby real peace might be returned to the oceans.

'It might mean a return to those pitiable days of the twenties,' the Chief was saying, 'when twenty thousand British Merchant Service officers and men were without work . . . and thousands of wives and children of seafaring men were without food. And the reaction to that state of affairs in Britain was summed up by a leading British newspaper which said of these civilian seamen: "By reason of their calling they belong to a class apart, and need not therefore ever be represented at any proposed international labour conference".'

The craftsman-shipbuilder said, 'A class apart; so? These men who themselves, or whose forebears, explored the world, discovered continents, planted the British flag in almost every corner of the earth, founded an empire, maintained its communications, transported the wealth and products of nations and who, in war and peace alike, saved their fellow-men from need and distress, maybe starvation. A class apart?'

'And I,' I said. 'I was among the 20,000 who, from 1920 onwards, walked the kerbsides of British ports, selling matches, playing mouth-organs to theatre queues, or just standing around, silent, in those other queues—for the dole!'

'Wouldn't have got the dole had you been a captain,' said the craftsman-shipbuilder. 'Because, by some obscure reckoning, captains were not "entitled to the dole within the meaning of the Act." Like the common man, captains—"Masters-under-God"—could not wait at the doors of labour exchanges; no, captains were denied that luxury.'

'The luxury of the dole,' said the Chief, 'which, according to the standard dictionary, is "something given in charity"!'

It was strange, very strange, how those 20,000 of my comrades had walked the streets. Strange how they contrived mostly to look so ship-shape and neatly turned-out. Not so strange how the personal ideals and ambitions of those workless seamen froze and withered and rotted! I lighted a cigarette, waiting for the reaction of my two companions.

'Not so strange, either,' said the Chief, 'how, slump or boom, the bank balances of Big Business always remained superbly unaffected!'

'Supply and demand, I suppose?' said the craftsman-shipbuilder.

'Aye!' said the Chief. 'Big Business demanded; *the seaman supplied!*'

I went through the door into the stokehold; the place where I spent many an hour during the war

[1]The propeller-shaft tunnel of a steamship.

years. Once again I was mixing with the 'ash-cat' breed of seafaring men . . . men who are animated by a curious sense of pride.

Coal supplies heat to bring water to the boil, to produce steam; so, in the order of things, releasing pent-up energy which turns the ship's screw. And these 'ash-cats'—the firemen—shovel the coal. Here they were at their grinding task—these half-naked, sweating, dust-caked men whose white eyeballs stared at me, a stranger, from coal-black faces as I walked past the open furnace doors. And I remembered the mute appeal in the eyes of an 'ash-cat' who died in mid-ocean in 1942. He was a Liverpool fireman whose father died workless in 1921, after living through the sea-hell of 1914-18—a captain—and whose grandfather inherited from his father a large, airy sail-loft along the lines of docks at the Mersey port. . .

Often enough, when I had come up the Liverpool River, I had spent an hour or two in that sail-loft, among the banks of sweet-smelling canvas, while the old sail-maker and his men worked to a geometrically-true, chalked blueprint, chalking out a new plan for another 'suit', goring the roll-canvas, piecing it, roping the edges, sewing with their heavy, three-sided needles, hammering in their stitches with mallets, 'cringling' the job, then soaking it in a witches' cauldron of boiled oil, red ochre and catachew so that the finished sail was tanned to prevent mildew.

I had watched that particular sail-loft die a living death . . . the passing of the sailing vessel before the onslaught of the steamship brought about economic changes which condemned this fine art of the sail-maker. It flashed in mind as I walked through that stokehold, and then rejoined the Chief Engineer and the craftsman-shipbuilder on the engine-room gratings.

I mentioned the memory; the Chief said: 'Economic changes? It was "economic change" in the twenties, when America had a great fleet of merchant shipping but lacked seamen; when Britain lacked ships, but had workless seafaring men. And Congress introduced its Seamen's Law, which gave the Right To Quit to any seaman reaching U.S. ports; American shipowners were ready and eager to give deserters from British ships pay and conditions far superior to any obtaining in British ships.

'But what Congress wasn't to know, when it introduced that Law, was that within ten years Germany, Italy and Japan would go flat-out to run America and Britain right off the world's seaways. Neither country could foresee that between 1920 and 1935 Japan alone would help herself to 61 per cent of Britain's Calcutta trade, 80 per cent of our Bombay trade and 79 per cent of our Australasian-Japan trade. It fetched Britain an unholy wallop. *It paved the way for the Pearl Harbour attack!*'

The craftsman-shipbuilder lighted another cigarette: 'Post-war British ship-designing,' he said, 'has *got* to produce a scientifically economical *tramp* steamship *which will always closely affect the British housewife*, for the simple reason that cost of transport by ship of goods from overseas will thus be cheapened. And ocean transport, giving good accommodation to seamen, *is the real key to world recovery!*'

'Amen,' said the Chief. 'That's my gospel, too! But how does all that add up against cut-throat competition on the Seven Seas? It happened once before, in 1920 onwards, and it ended in a second world war. If I'm not mistaken, it'll happen again!'

An assistant engineer interrupted the conversation to report a suspected fracture in a stern plate somewhere in the after-chamber; the Chief excused himself, then invited us to go down Screw Alley with him on a tour of inspection. . .

We went slowly through the tunnel, where the propellor shaft lay smooth and lively in its bath of oil, driving the freighter across the Atlantic. We reached the after-chamber, made the inspection; the Chief satisfied himself no real damage had been done when the ship swung violently in a cross-sea and struck a submerged object, flotsam of the U-boat attack of still vivid memory to all who served afloat between 1939-45. Then he balanced himself neatly on the handrail running round the after-chamber, and took up the talk where it had been broken into.

'It need *not* happen again,' said the craftsman-shipbuilder. 'The common spirit, the common spirit of sacrifice between all seafaring men, whose comradeship is a fine and a real thing in a world where values of such quality are in peril of destruction, can cancel out any threat of future cut-throat competition between maritime nations in the peace to come.

'The centuries have been shot through and through with exciting, sometimes tragic, examples of sea law and sea power. And we've come a long, long way since 1287, when any nation that was powerful enough afloat could, if it wished, lay claim to "control of the seas". That sort of thing nowadays has vanished—or it should have vanished—under the pressure of inexorable new facts.'

'Twelve eighty-seven?' I queried.

'Aye!' said the Chief. 'If memory serves me correct, that was the year when the first Admiral was commissioned in the English Navy?'

'Quite correct,' replied the craftsman-shipbuilder. 'And then, in the so-called "spacious

America's threat to merchant seamen? The sort of thing seamen suffer in war. Does peace mean they will be neglected again?

days" of Elizabeth, England, uniting political wisdom with her own interests, led the way, and gave the greatest of all contributions towards settling the whole question of freedom on the world's seas by declaring that no man, no nation, could claim rulership on the oceans. Today, Britain could again unite her own interests—chief of which is admittedly World Peace—with a political wisdom that recognises all the new facts that have come to light through this second world war and give the greatest of all contributions *by making authority upon the high seas a joint responsibility of every nation which has truly maritime interests.* And such lawful authority, freely accepted among such nations, as by citizens, *is* Freedom!'

The Chief unhooked his long leg from the handrail and moved towards Screw Alley while we followed in his wake. On the engine-room gratings once more he re-lighted his old briar pipe and said: 'The United States has come out of this war with almost four times as many merchant ships as it had in its pre-war fleet. Any amount of those ships can now be considered surplus, obsolete; and *obsolete surplus tonnage can cause untold trouble between friends!* Before the war every nation used the excuse that "foreign competition" made difficult any improvement in pay, or conditions, and at times made *reductions* in pay and deterioration of conditions inevitable.'

'But you'll *get* the "foreign competition" excuse,' said the craftsman-shipbuilder, 'so long as the cheap, wartime standard ships—which are of little interest to responsible British shipowners, who are tied by government regulations to costlier and more efficient specifications—are made available in the "open market" to foreign owners and operators who, in the years between the two world wars, nearly ran the British Merchant Marine off the high seas with ships scrapped by Britain and the Commonwealth as unsuitable or unsafe, and with cast-off war material belonging to the United States. The danger's still there!'

'But all genuine seafaring men know it is!' the Chief protested. 'The real root of the trouble is that the peoples of democratic countries *don't* know. . .'

And that is the reason why, when the freighter made port in Britain, I set on record this mid-Atlantic conversation.

WHERE ARE THE HEADLINES OF YESTERYEAR?

COLIN WINTLE

'DRINKS for husband of woman sentenced to death, 2s. 6d.'; 'Sir Austen Chamberlain, taxi, 2s.'; 'Attempt on King's life, late supper, 3s. 6d.'; 'Fred Astaire, taxi to Claridge's and drinks, 8s. 6d.'; 'Northants nudists, car, 25s.'; 'hospitality in village inn, 7s. 6d.'

To a stranger these items may seem like the synopsis of the kind of nightmare which beset Gilbert's Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*. They are, in fact, sentences taken at random from a tiny diary—no bigger than a packet of book-matches—which holds between its scarlet morocco covers a skeleton account of many of the trivial events, and most of the important ones, during 1936. For ten long, dramatic years the diary has lain undramatically at the back of my collar-drawer, tucked away snugly between a twenty-years' old calf-love letter and a box of trout flies. In its pages are a journalist's cryptic jottings (the diary was kept chiefly for the practical purpose of recording expenses) which are enough to stir the memory to answer the question: 'Where are the headlines of yesteryear?'

The epoch-making and the ephemeral are perpetual bedfellows in a daily newspaper. What *did* happen in 1936? Constitutionally, it was a tremendous year, in which 'this Royal Throne of Kings' experienced the reign of no fewer than three of them. Other events, too, will reach the history books (perhaps Germany's repudiation of the Locarno Treaty has slipped your mind?), but side by side with them in my little diary are the one-day wonders which persistent journalists unearth so that an inquisitive public can enjoy vicarious circuses with its breakfast bread.

The year began with Thames floods, and a gale on 9 January took the diary to Hampstead Heath district where, unobligingly, no real damage was found. An item about a taxi driver receiving a large legacy involved taking an eight-shilling taxi in search of the lucky legatee, returning to Fleet Street *via* a French restaurant off Charing Cross Road, and there fortified by a delightful five-course dinner for half-a-crown. Five days later the diary was investigating the suicide of a man in a motor car near Oxford ('payment to man who found body, 5s.; ditto to his brother, 2s. 6d.'), and it was not until Sunday, 19 January, that a page of history began with the words, 'Day off, but called to office. King believed dying.' That day I remained in the office and wrote a couple of short pieces about the more personal aspects of His Majesty's life.

Next day the King died, just before midnight, and the diary prosaically records that 3s. 6d. was chargeable for a late supper. I was on duty in the evening, and got home at six next morning. In the hours between there was the sombre drama of the repeated broadcast bulletin ('. . . the King's life is drawing peacefully towards its close'), relieved at times by the purely professional anxiety of keeping open telephone communication with colleagues at Dersingham, near the Norfolk home of the 'Squire of Sandringham'. In the days which followed, up to the funeral on the 28th, the diary recorded various tours in Central London, for example: 'Waited outside Buckingham Palace from 8.40 to 11.55 p.m.; saw King, the Yorks and the Kents. Taxi 4s., phones 6d.'; and, on another day: 'Complete tour of funeral route for stories of all-night queue-ists, taxi 22s. 6d., phones, 10d.'

History gave place to sordid triviality for a time after the burial at Windsor. On the very day after the funeral my diary and I found ourselves waiting for half-an-hour on the corner of Oxford Street and Orchard Street, having called too early at the house of a woman I had to interview, and not having been invited by the manservant to wait inside pending the return of his mistress. From a barrow on the corner I bought some roasted chestnuts and retreated out of the cold wind to eat them in the shelter of a doorway. A lovely young girl darted across the road and helped herself to one of my chestnuts with the words: 'May I? Thanks awfully! I'm Pauline.' It was several chestnuts later before I fully realised that she was no mere enthusiastic amateur out for a lark—there was none of the 'dearie' and tarnished glamour about her as she champed chestnuts and chatted away like an excited schoolgirl. Then she explained, with an eager fluency and frank charm which seemed to invite from me an attitude of avuncular approval, that she had had a wonderful time in the past week as there were so many provincial visitors in London 'for the funeral' with ample means and generous hearts. She had earned £43 from them, and what

1936: *A colleague gives* TROTSKY *the 'low-down' in Mexico. He was to be murdered there in* 1940

AIMÉE MCPHERSON, *like David, in the lion's den. She died in* 1944

with that, and £200 in the Savings Bank, £45 worth of furniture already bought and in store, and the option of a nice little flat—'quite central'—secured, she didn't care if she did no more business that week. Anyway, she had enough now to marry her fiancé and have a month's honeymoon in Torquay.

It was on 6 February that the diary mentions the expenditure of 2s. 6d. on the man who received the inadequate solace of a brandy-and-dry-ginger from me a few minutes after his wife had been told by an Old Bailey judge that she would be hanged by the neck until she was dead. The husband will remember that day all his life: I can remember nothing about it except the diary entry, but Aimée McPherson, the next entry, may still be remembered by some. On 11 February, I spoke to her by 'phone from Fleet Street. She was in Los Angeles, and the story was that one of her girl 'angels' had sued her for assault. I got through and heard a bedlam of noise—equalled only by the cacophony of voices when, later in the year, I 'phoned Trotsky, in exile in Oslo, because he was supposed to be planning a *coup* to overthrow Stalin and seize government in Russia. I cannot imagine why the news editor supposed Trotsky would confide his plans to a newspaper. At all events, about five Russians, including Trotsky, came to the phone: they argued among themselves into my unwilling ear, occasionally interjecting 'pardon, yes-pliss; pardon, no-pliss', then lapsing again into Russian. The same day I telephoned P. G. Wodehouse at Le Touquet, by way of a rest cure.

A few weeks later—8 March—I went to a hotel near Victoria Station to find Sir Austen Chamberlain and ask him to comment on the international situation. The diary and I were back again among the events which affect the course of history, for the situation was that, less than three years after Germany withdrew from the League of Nations, Hitler had just repudiated the Locarno Treaty which had been negotiated by Briand, Stresemann and Sir Austen. The 'architect of Locarno' was there, monocle and all, in the hotel lounge. There was, he told me, no comment he could usefully make 'at this juncture'. (I do not remember whether a colleague was sent down to Westerham the same evening to see Mr. Churchill: probably not, for he was not then in fashion as an authority on Germany.) From the august presence of the commoner who became a Knight of the Garter on his return from Locarno, the diary and I finished the month on a less exalted note, thus: Visit to St. Neots for Quads' first outing; to the Savoy to talk to Flandin's daughter; to Oxford to see a vicar whose father is his curate; to a third-floor-back in Paddington to hear the story of a Mrs. G. who stole to feed her child (payment to Mrs. G., £2); to Islington to see an 'old lag' with fifty-one prison convictions who had been put on probation instead of being

sent back to prison after his fifty-second offence; and to the 'Swan' at Bedford to dine with a young explorer back from the Amazon while he told me how he had failed in his search for Captain Fawcett and a specimen of the hairy tapir.

Freddie Bartholomew was reaping fame and fortune in U.S.A., and in April his mother left for the States as there was some family dispute about the famous child. A rival journalist smuggled the lady on to the train at Waterloo and kept her in a sort of purdah all the way to Southampton, as he wanted to keep her story exclusive. Eventually I had a word with her—but only at the last minute, in her cabin on the *Europa*, with bugles blowing to warn visitors to get back to the tender. On the boat-train to the coast, however, I made two friends: Jeff Dickson, fight promoter and amateur photographer, who 'shot' Freddie's mother as she went aboard the liner, then sportingly thrust his roll of film into my pocket; and Mr. Jantzen, of bathing costume fame. When I twitted him about the slickness of getting motorists to publicise his costumes free by merely giving away those streamlined diving-girl transfers for the rear windows of cars, he said his firm made a handsome profit *selling* the diving-girls to motorists. 'They like the sex-appeal,' said Mr. Jantzen, with touching simplicity.

Distressed areas; surrealism; the 'Budget leakage'; the extraordinary argosy of the *Girl Pat;* a 'Back to Nature' colony of earnest intellectuals who hated being dubbed 'nudists'; a numismatic congress; and the maiden voyage of the *Queen Mary* are items which figure in the little red diary during the middle part of the year. And in the papers on 22 May, a few hours after the diary said I had failed to get confirmation of a 'war food story', we read: 'Britain is to have a potential Food Dictator in readiness for time of war. He is Sir William Beveridge, Director of the London School of Economics . . .'; and a few days before that, Mr. Eden, replying to a question by Dr. Dalton about Abyssinia, admitted in Parliament that 'the League has failed.' That very week Haile Selassie, having escaped to Jerusalem, expressed the wish to live 'under the British flag'. At this time, in London, Italian Ambassador Dino Grandi was inviting reporters to the Embassy to see him wearing a 'milk suit'—publicity for a new Italian textile process using compressed milk.

King Edward VIII attended a military ceremony in Hyde Park on 16 July, and when riding back to the Palace a pistol was hurled towards him on Constitution Hill, clattering to the ground near his horse's hoofs. My diary reminded me to charge 3s. 6d. for late supper, and I took a series of taxis all over London until, at 2 a.m., I found the Special Constable who (according to the early editions of a rival paper) had saved the King's life. It was just the usual mad search for a 'hero', so beloved by newspapers when they cannot go one better and find a 'heroine'.

The diary's trivia of the autumn concerns many sordid little stories, occasionally relieved by such absurd capers as rushing off to Berkshire to get a story about a man and a girl who had set the district agog by bathing in the Thames 'unclad'. (Even the most prurient of newspapers shirk the straightforward and respectable word 'naked'.) It was not until December that the unimportant again made way for the epoch-making. 'Cat Show, fares, 8d.' appears for 2 December, followed by the words 'King crisis: stayed late.' The next morning I was called in at 6.50 by telephone, and for more than a week after that the diary and I were near Windsor, most of the time keeping vigil outside Fort Belvédere. Before leaving Fleet Street I had two eggs beaten up in milk, costing sixpence, as compensation against the possibility of returning late and lunchless: as it turned out, I was away for nine days and nights, never sleeping more than four hours at a stretch (keeping 'watches' with a colleague) and living almost exclusively on a diet of bacon and eggs. Day and night one of us was in a car—warmed up at intervals—near 'the Fort'. The field headquarters of most of the other journalists (and there were dozens of them, of various nationalities, for the first few days) was at the 'Wheatsheaf', Virginia Water, a mile away from my own little bacon-and-eggs rendezvous. The Americans talked; the Asiatics smiled through clenched teeth; the Europeans shrugged their shoulders and waved their hands—and the British stolidly drank beer and refused to be drawn into making constitutional speculations or giving partisan opinions. One of the younger reporters was a peer, and a youthful waitress was so overcome when she discovered that she had unwittingly been treating him with but the lesser measure of respect allotted to commoners, that she was heard to call an order through the buttery—'A Scotch-and-soda for a gentleman and a pint of beer for our lord.'

The Abdication already belongs to history, and to a chapter which none would wish to re-read in detail barely a decade after the event. The diary, being primarily a memorandum of expenses, shows virgin pages for those days of crisis. Nothing is recorded until 13 December when, back in London, I was on the late turn of duty, from 8.30 p.m. until 2.30 a.m. The entry was confined to the two words: 'Dull evening'.

IS IT HEREDITY OR ENVIRONMENT?

An Ape brought up as a Child!

J. S. BARWELL

Less than a hundred years ago, every educated European would have accepted as self-evident the belief that the superior civilisation of the white race was due to their higher mental and moral endowments compared with the coloured peoples. Two thousand years before that the Romans as confidently assumed that they were innately superior to the Britons they conquered and ruled.

When, however, in the last century primitive races progressed from savagery and cannibalism to modern civilisation, this view of innate differences became very much suspect. In 1936, Darwin found the cannibal Maoris of New Zealand 'savage, filthily dirty and offensive'. In 1946, a descendant of these, a Professor of Anthropology at Yale, was knighted for his service to science, and still earlier, a Maori had acted as Prime Minister of New Zealand. Japan in a hundred years moved from barbaric feudalism to the status of a first-class power.

As a result of such happenings, psychologists and sociologists now place much more emphasis on social heredity—the customs, beliefs, tradition, techniques and language that the individual unconsciously absorbs from the society into which he is born. In fact, the pendulum has swung so far that some authorities now maintain that there are practically no hereditary differences in mental endowment of individuals of different races. Certainly the application of numerous kinds of mental tests has failed to prove any substantial racial differences.

One means of studying the relative importance of nature and nurture, of heredity and environment, would be to take a baby chimpanzee, the animal nearest humankind in the chemistry of the body, the nervous system, and in the structure of the brain, and to bring it up in the same environment as that of the human baby. Professor W. N. R. Kellogg, an American psychologist, and his wife tried this experiment in 1931–2. They procured a seven-and-a-half-month-old female chimpanzee, and for nine months reared it with their son, who was two and a half months older. The animal was fed with a bottle, clothed, bathed, fondled, and given careful human treatment in every phase of its daily existence. They decided it would be placed in a perambulator and wheeled. It was to be induced at the proper time to walk upright as the human child is assisted in this process. It was to be taught to eat with a spoon as soon as it was able to feed itself. Throughout its upbringing its mistakes would be gently and persistently corrected as are the mistakes of a child. It would be made a thoroughly humanised member of the family of the experimenters, who would serve in the respective capacities of adopted 'father' and 'mother'. At no time was it to be treated as a pet and not a human being. Psychological tests were to be applied to both the ape and the child during the process of their development.

At the start of the experiment the ape was four inches shorter than the boy, and her weight ten pounds to the boy's nineteen. The ape's legs were shorter, but her arms were much longer. Her muscular and skeletonal development were comparable with those of a child twice her age. When she was twelve months old 'she possessed the learning and mental capacity of a year-old child, the agility of a four-year-old, and strength which in some ways probably surpassed that of an eight-year-old.' In spite of her superior strength, she was never known to employ it except when she was afraid, and then only in the attempt to escape from the special object of fear towards the protection of those who cared for her.

The ape was much more active than the child, but there was less variation in the expenditure of her energy. The child was prone to spurts of violent movement, followed by periods of relative quiet. The ape was not. Fatigue in the boy was indicated by his increased irritability before being put to bed; when the ape was tired she merely lay down on the floor or crept into the lap of her foster parents. Also, compared with the child, she seemed to recover from her exhaustion with astonishing quickness. She was more inclined to sleep after each meal or when there was nothing to stimulate her. She regularly went to sleep when taken for a car ride until she was old enough to stand up and stare at the passing objects seen through the window; inaction tended to induce in her boredom and sleep. The ape was deficient in finer muscular co-ordinated finger movements. She could pick up a small object on the floor more easily with her lips than with her hands. When she could walk only on all fours, her

method of carrying anything was in her mouth. Later she would often pick up with her lips what she could not grasp with her fingers, and then transfer it to her hand. Her development to the human walk is interesting. At seven and a half months she could get about in rather an uncertain manner on all fours; at eight and a half months she increased the speed of her movements by a kind of trot; and at nine months she developed a gallop in which the two front limbs were advanced almost simultaneously, the two rear ones being then brought up. The next step was for her to hold on to each trouser leg of her male guardian, and, peeping between his legs, walk with him as he advanced. Soon she was able to walk erect by herself, and by the time she was a year old, the erect posture predominated in her locomotion. By her thirteenth month she could run and make a bipedal jump. Her stages in the development of a complete human walk then follow closely that of a normal child, except that in the ape the maturation was faster. The influence of social heredity, however, becomes obvious when we remember that, had she been reared in chimpanzee society, she would not have evolved the erect posture at all.

The play of the ape, too, was in many respects similar to that of a human child, and that was not through her boy companion setting the example, for, owing to her greater strength and earlier developed speed of locomotion, she was generally the leader.

Like a child, she delighted in dropping objects from her chair to have them handed back to her, and she played with her feet. She delighted in dragging a blanket or garment after her, moving usually in a wide circle and glancing back at the train with a playful smile. When the moisture of her breath condensed on the window pane, with her index finger she made marks on it, comparable with a child's early scribbling.

In bed she developed a kind of peep-bo play, alternately pulling the sheets over her head and then uncovering herself to look around. She liked being chased by the child or friendly adults, and when trapped behind some piece of furniture would peep out from behind the obstacle and peer at the pursuer. If he showed signs of pursuing, she would move quickly to the opposite corner and renew the game. 'This back and forth, corner to corner procedure came eventually to amount to a sort of peek-a-boo in which the pursuer was trying to surprise the pursued by catching her face to face while she was trying to prevent such a climax.' When the boy adopted such play, he would look from behind the piece of furniture with the exclamation 'Bah'! Exercise and romping were almost continuous when the two were together, but as soon as either was distantly removed, the other would at once become quiet and relatively inactive.

In experiments on visual acuity it was found that the ape disliked strong illumination of any kind, and was superior to the child in perceiving movement and small things in motion. Like the child, she was fond of looking at picture books, particularly if the objects delineated were coloured or in round or symmetrical outline. She tried to pick up the objects depicted and put her lips to the picture of a type of biscuit of which she was fond. Her sense of hearing was extremely acute, particularly for weak or faint sounds. Her reaction to any startling stimuli—a noise, for instance—was much quicker than that of the child. She showed a stronger dislike of an unpleasant odour held before her nose than did the child. She employed olfactory stimuli for the identification of objects and individuals. During the first few months of her captivity she had become so much attached to the Professor that she showed signs of distress when he was out of her sight. If, however, he left her his coat or trousers, with the familiar scent, she would contentedly play with these or drag them around till his return.

It was found, too, that the child remembered words and commands much longer than the ape did, while the latter possessed a much better memory for movements. For example, in a controlled experiment to see how long they could remember the direction their companion had gone in order to find him, the child was accurate up to a delay of five minutes, but the ape was right seven times out of ten for an interval of half an hour. This predominance of kinæsthetic memory, incidentally, is the reason why animals so readily find their way about.

Numerous investigations have proved that the baby's first fear reactions are produced by (1) lack of support and (2) a loud noise. Later there appears (3) a fear of the unusual or mysterious. The ape likewise expressed these fears. 'While more agile than the child, she was at the same time more cautious and seemed to avoid objects, even in her climbing, until she had become quite familiar with them. When we appear attired in a pair of blue trousers which the ape has never seen before, she avoids us meticulously, and cries as she does so. It then develops that she will come to us if we stoop over so that she can grasp us above the waistline, but that she will not touch the offending garment.' In the same way a young child will often become alarmed if its nurse or mother appear in unfamiliar garments.

The ape was more ticklish than the child, and delighted in being tickled by a familiar person. At the age of eight months, during such play she developed a kind of unvocalised laugh, which a few months later became fully vocalised. She later produced the same type of laughter when swung in the air, and, still later, in the exciting moments of chasing play between her and the child.

The ape appeared to be more dependent than the child. She was uneasy unless within sight or call of some friend, guardian or protector. Whether indoors or without, she was never far from someone she knew. 'If left in the house with a stranger, she seemed, at least during the first several months, to be caught between the horns of a terrible dilemma. On the one hand she would not permit herself to be touched or to get too close to the unknown individual, and on the other hand she apparently did not dare to be left without his protection. The result was that if he should move from room to room she would tag along at a respectable distance, crying or "oo-oo-ing" miserably as she went.' Her strong affection for her 'father', the Professor, would make her attack her lesser friends if he pretended to do so, or if they feigned an attack on him.

Once, at fourteen months, when her 'father' had placed her on a small chair, telling her to 'stay there' while he was writing some distance away, she whimpered to be near him. She made several tentative beginnings to come down from the chair but each time he checked her she moved back. At last she got down, moved the chair near him and sat on it, thus both obeying his command and gaining her wish to be near him—surely a sign of intelligence!

Though common belief regards monkeys as very imitative, this ape exhibited very little imitative behaviour compared with the boy, who mimicked his father's walk as well as that of the ape, her mannerisms and barks. Though she possessed all the physiological apparatus for so doing, the ape could not be persuaded to attempt human vocalisation of any kind. Attempts were made to teach her to do so, but they were a complete failure. This, no doubt, is partly due to the fact that the ape's memory for words as signs was much less developed than that of the child, and that she possessed less power of concentration. The boy, too, showed far more curiosity in examining and manipulating his toys.

What has been learned from the experiment? The basic emotions of the ape and the child were not fundamentally different, and both were

Reactions to blocks are similar. Each examines, throws, and puts in mouth. Differences only appear in later months

capable of reasoning in suitable circumstances. Social heredity triumphed sometimes, notably in the ape's adoption of the erect posture, but at other times, particularly in the matter of speech development, it was powerless. We must remember, also, that had they been kept together for a few years instead of months, the difference between the mental capacities of the two would have increased. The ape in maturity would have had the mentality of a child of about four years, while the boy would have developed that of a normal adult. Though the instinctive endowments of both were to a great extent pliable and adaptable to the environment, the child's greater curiosity and urge to experimentation meant that, by selection, he could make his own environment to a much greater extent than the ape.

There are obvious obstacles to reversing the experiment—bringing up a human baby in a chimpanzee society—but nature has provided us with something analogous. Although we are sceptical of the Romulus and Remus legend, there exist a number of authentic cases of children having been adopted by wolves. All modern examples come from India, where wolf dens are still commonly found on the outskirts of villages. If a baby seized and carried to a wolves' den snuggled against a she-wolf, she would allow it to suck, and once, by contact, it had acquired the right smell, it would be accepted as a cub. Further, unlike most carnivorous animals, the wolf possesses a smooth tongue which, in licking a child, would not rasp its skin.

SCIENCE DOUBLE SPREAD

This new series, unlike much 'Popular Science', does not repeat the false assumption that Science is magical or miraculous. But it shows the effects of the latest developments upon everyday life

(1) IMPLICATIONS OF THE ATOM BOMB

DR. E. H. S. BURHOP, physicist, a member of the British team working on the Atomic energy project in America

THE atomic bomb is not just a super block-buster. It is something incomparably more destructive than any previously conceived weapon. One bomb, weighing—it has been authoritatively stated—between twenty and sixty pounds, caused 300,000 casualties in Hiroshima, 90,000 being fatal. Six months after the explosion, 14,000 bodies had not been found. The Report, recently issued by the British Commission, that investigated the atomic bomb damage in Japan, estimated that on a British city a bomb like that dropped on Nagasaki would probably kill about 50,000. And it is almost certain that bigger and more destructive bombs will be developed.

We can now reconstruct what happened in Hiroshima when the bomb exploded. The initial blast wave lasted a fraction of a second, and was followed by a great wind, a super-hurricane in fact, with air velocities between 500 and 1,000 miles an hour, blowing out from the centre of the explosion and lasting for about a second. These blast effects demolished brick and wooden buildings out to nearly half a mile, and damaged them beyond repair out to about a mile. Well-constructed steel frame buildings more than a quarter of a mile from the centre of the explosion remained standing, but the blast wind swept through their interior, hurling the furniture about and causing many casualties to people inside as far as a mile from the centre.

People caught in the open air within several hundred yards of the bomb were charred black. Further away, their clothing caught fire, while more than a mile away severe sunburn resulted.

Most people caught inside buildings within half a mile were killed by falling débris, but those who escaped death in this way died later. They died a terrible lingering death from the effects of gamma rays (like those given off by radium, but much more intense) which were emitted at the time of the bomb explosion. Many of these appeared uninjured at first. But the gamma rays, unseen, had penetrated their flesh and bone. Their blood lost the power of coagulating. It oozed through the unbroken skin and into the cavities of their bodies. The white corpuscles that fight infection had been destroyed, so that minor scratches became fatally infected.

We could continue for a long time describing the horrors of atomic bombardment, but in this article we want rather to examine how the bomb affects ourselves and our future.

IS THERE NO DEFENCE?

It can be stated quite categorically that there is no specific defence against an atomic bomb and none is likely. In this respect atomic bombs are in precisely the same position as ordinary bombs. If they are delivered by aeroplane a certain number may be shot down before reaching their objective, but many will get through. If they are sent over large distances by radio-controlled rockets, the accuracy of such rocket fire may not be great, but many will reach their targets.

Alternatively, they may be brought into a country and planted secretly by enemy agents. Their small size makes this a practicable method, but it is probably more suited to the individual and specific act of sabotage than to the large-scale decisive atomic attack.

There is, however, one important means of passive defence available to a country threatened by an atomic war—dispersal of towns and industries. We have seen that the casualties produced by a single bomb run into several hundred thousands. If, however, the industrial effort of a nation is carried on by a large number of small communities, each containing not more than 40,000 or 50,000 people, a great part of the potential destructive effect of a bomb falling on such a town will be wasted.

The possibility of alleviating the effects of atomic bombardment by means of dispersion implies that, of all major powers, that best placed to survive an atomic war is the Soviet Union, since it has the largest territory over which to disperse, and has, in fact, already carried out a considerable dispersion of industry owing to the wartime necessity of the evacuation of a large part of industry of its western regions to Siberia. Furthermore, in rebuilding the industry of its war-damaged areas, the principle of the small industrial town could well be applied.

On the other hand, on account of the great

Under-sea explosion at Bikini on 25 July. The 'Arkansas' was sunk. Was it carried up the spout (centre of picture), *and plunged back?*

concentration of population and industries in cities, and the limited area available for dispersal, Great Britain is the most vulnerable of all the great powers to an atomic attack. Probably about one hundred bombs accurately placed could cripple British industry, destroy her transport system, and kill or seriously injure about half her population. There seems little to prevent quite a number of other nations building up a stock-pile of atomic bombs of about this size. There are no very deep secrets remaining about its manufacture. The scale of the industrial effort required is large, but by no means out of the question. The necessary raw materials are scattered all over the world and are unlikely to be cornered by any one power or group of powers. In an atomic war there is a tremendous advantage to be gained by getting in the first blow. Never before have the odds been so weighted in favour of the offence. Never has the defence been at such a disadvantage. The advantage in favour of the aggressor may well appear so great that an otherwise peace-loving nation may be driven to attack its supposed enemy with atomic weapons in order to forestall its own destruction. Under these conditions it is clear that we cannot allow an armaments race in atomic weapons to develop.

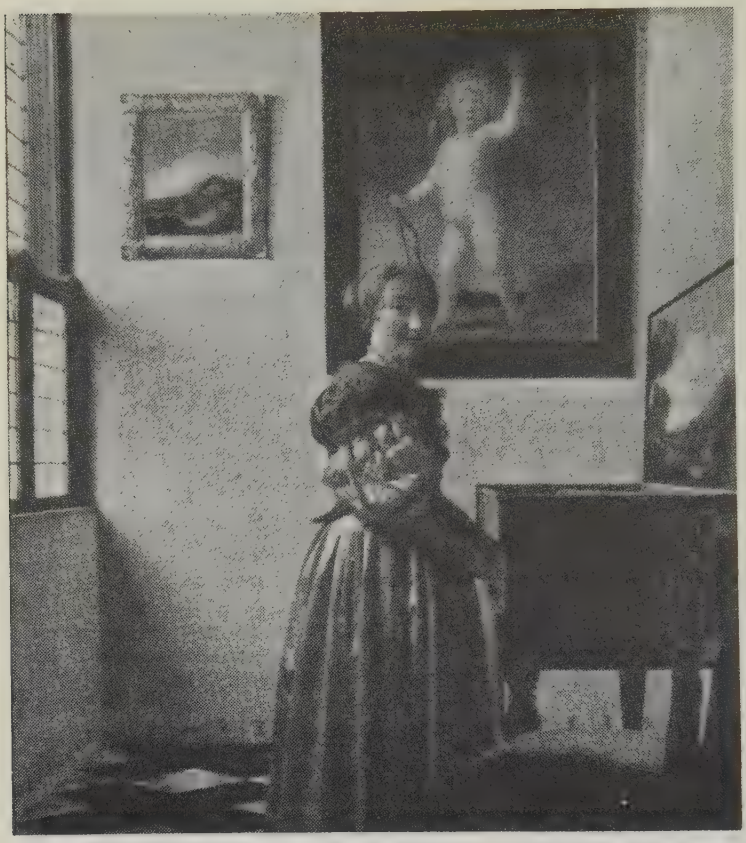
There has been a great deal of confusion about the place of the atom bomb in relation to UNO. Many people take the view that the atom bomb is an ideal police weapon for use by the United Nations against a disturber of the peace. But the atom bomb is essentially a weapon of mass terror for use primarily against the civilian population. How could UNO in the name of international morality use, as a means of dealing with an erring government, a weapon whose chief function will be the mass destruction of the people of the country that has offended? Action envisaged under the United Nations Charter can be carried out much more effectively using more normal weapons directed against the armed forces and government of the offending country.

The truth is that the atom bomb is a weapon ideally suited for the use of the few against the many. It is the weapon *par excellence* of the *coup d'état*. It seems possible that a few hundred men in control of the production plants and stock-piles of atom bombs could, by sheer threat of terror, dominate a whole country. The production of the material from which it is made must be brought under international control. It is clear that the atom bomb is an instrument of aggression. It has no place in the armoury of any peace-loving nation, nor in that of UNO. If the dangerous drift in international relations is to be halted, the nations must agree to outlaw the atom bomb. Existing stocks must be destroyed. Great difficulties stand in the way of bringing into force an effective international control system of atomic energy. But the consequences of failure to agree to international control are also great—nothing less, in fact, than the elimination of civilised man from the world.

The Atomic Energy Commission of UNO is at present discussing proposals for the international control of atomic energy and the outlawing of atomic weapons. The difference in point of view between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. still remains considerable, but the task of reconciling these points of view should not be beyond the powers of true world statesmanship.

CONTRASTS & COMPARISONS

NUMBER NINE — QUALITY IN ART:



JAN VERMEER
(1632–1675)

Lady Standing at the Virginals

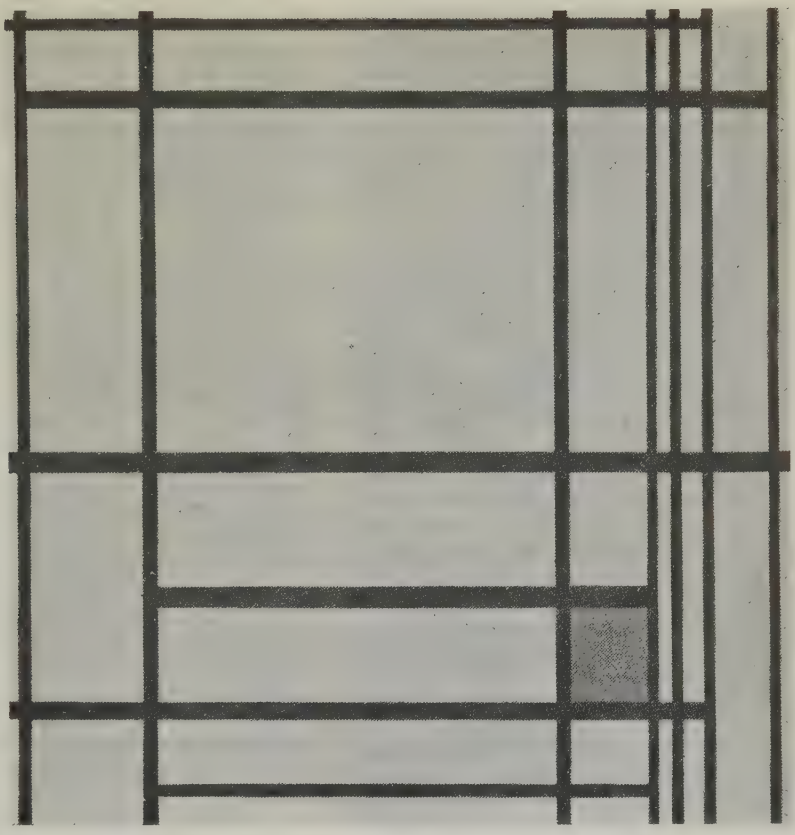
(By courtesy of the National Gallery)

JAN VERMEER, the most exquisite of the genre painters of the Dutch School, was born in Delft in 1632. Here, living in comparative obscurity, he spent the whole of his life, the uneventfulness of which is reflected not only in the quietness of the domestic interiors and street scenes which he elected to paint, but also in the serene and unhurried manner of his approach. Yet, contrary to what one would suppose, it is probable that it was owing to its very 'inevitability' that his work was accepted without comment and remained unknown until the middle of the nineteenth century when its essential quality was recognised for the first time. For, unremarkable though his choice of subject may be, his method of handling is unique, as may be seen in the precision of his spacing, the harmony of his colour, the luminosity of his textures and the atmosphere of air and light by which his figures are surrounded—virtues which betoken a painter of singular perfection and consummate skill. Thus, in this example, the effect of sunlight by which the room is suffused, the subtlety of the shadows, the 'felt' distance between the wall (with its typical blue Delft skirting tiles), and the lady at the virginals, and that again between the folds of her white satin dress and the blue-seated chair in the foreground, are realised with 'a rightness of artistic perception' which confirms the observation of a French critic that, without that element which he designates as *probity*, that is to say, without an almost ethical appreciation of values, the art of the genre painters of the Dutch School would be meaningless.

BETWEEN OLD & NEW MASTERS

A STUDY IN ABSTRACTION

E. H. RAMSDEN



PIET MONDRIAN (1872–1944)

Composition with Blue

(Coll. J. R. M. Brumwell)

At first sight it might seem that, in his renunciation of all figurative form, Piet Mondrian, the most celebrated Dutch painter of modern times, had abrogated, also, precisely those principles which have hitherto sufficed to make the art of Holland memorable. To proceed on this assumption, would however, betray a wholly superficial acquaintance with his work, which on closer study is seen not only to belong incontrovertibly to the same tradition as that of his predecessors (despite the fact that he spent the greater part of his working life in Paris), but also to carry those principles to their logical and ultimate conclusion. Since, as already stated, it is not so much the matter as the manner of his achievement that is fundamental to the art of Vermeer—his sense of space, his eye for colour and his understanding of the inter-relationships of form, faculties which must finally be recognised as purely abstract in their implication. When, therefore, as one of the leaders of the Stijl movement which was founded in Holland in 1917, Mondrian abandoned every form but the black rectangle on a white ground, and every colour but the three primaries—red, yellow and blue—he still retained the means of expressing every variation relevant to his purpose, namely, the creation of dynamic equilibrium through a use of pure plastics alone, while at the same time preserving in its most austere and absolute form that integrity upon which the significance of the art of the Dutch masters depends.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT

YESTERDAY, Mr. McKinley was elected President of the United States after the greatest poll ever taken in the history of the world. The full details of the polling have not yet come to hand, but sufficient is known to make it clear that McKinley has been elected, and that by a smashing majority.

The millionaires have triumphed with a vengeance, and they have done so because they used the machine to manipulate the million-headed electorate. Money and organisation, however, by themselves might have failed to secure the overwhelming victory which has rewarded the efforts of the Republicans. The real secret of their overwhelming poll must be sought in the deeply ingrained Conservatism of the American people, their constitutional disinclination to venture into new paths, the effective methods by which the inherent absurdity and material risks of the free silver scheme were brought home to the common sense of the people, and lastly, to the moral enthusiasm which was roused by an appeal to the sentiment of national unity and of common honesty. If Bryan's platform had been as good in every plank as were the best of its proposals, he would still have been defeated, although not by so overwhelming a majority. As it was, all the excellent and liberal proposals which he advocated were hopelessly handicapped by their association with the demand which could be plausibly represented as a repudiation of fifty per cent of all debts.

A NETWORK OF ALLIANCES

IT is curious to notice how many agreements, secret and otherwise, either exist or have existed quite recently in Europe. To begin with, there is the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy. There is the Franco-Russian Alliance. There is an Italian-Russian treaty. Then there was until 1890 a secret agreement between Russia and Germany, by which each agreed to observe reciprocal neutrality in case they were attacked by any other Power. There is besides these the Anglo-Turkish Convention, by virtue of which, as long as we continue in occupation of Cyprus, we are bound to defend the Sultan against any Russian attack upon his eastern frontier. There is also an old treaty between England, Austria and France, entered into on the eve of the Crimean War, guaranteeing the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

LORD ROSEBERY'S DELIVERANCE

IT is the existence of such agreements, together with a mass of other understandings, not yet revealed even by the indiscretions of Friedrichsruh, which led Lord Rosebery to speak as strongly as he did at Edinburgh, in opposition to the proposal that England should, single-handed, endeavour to force the Dardanelles and coerce the Sultan.

MR. GLADSTONE'S POLICY

LORD ROSEBERY'S speech was described by the *Daily Chronicle* with a licentiousness of misrepresentation happily rare in the English press, as an attack on Mr. Gladstone. The description was so monstrous, that in order to give it any colour, the report of the *Chronicle's* own representative at Edinburgh was mutilated so as to make his description accord with the editorial calumny. His speech was in no sense an attack upon Mr. Gladstone, but it was a very effective demolition of Mr. Gladstone's policy.

The fact is, Mr. Gladstone's policy on the Eastern Question has been useful and right in so far as it has helped to bring this country into line with Russia. The moment Mr. Gladstone's policy tended to antagonise England and Russia, it became powerless for good, and Lord Rosebery performed a public service by setting forth with unexampled vigour and emphasis the perils to which Mr. Gladstone's policy would have exposed us.

[*Rosebery cannot stand Gladstone's anti-Turkish policy on behalf of the Americans*] Kladderadatsch

A BOOK OF TODAY

LEWIS MUMFORD'S THE CONDITION OF MAN

REVIEWED BY HUNTER DIACK

LEWIS MUMFORD, *born 1895, wrote* The Culture of Cities *in 1938. An American, he is a stern critic of the American Way of Life. Has just written* Programme for Survival

THERE was a time when life had a certain simplicity which we can now only envy. People did things because they wanted to do them, because they had to do them, or because they were the right things to do. They had little doubt about what *were* the right things to do—if they had any doubts at all, moral interpreters, from Moses to the parish priest, were ready with the answer. Perhaps that simplicity was more apparent than real; but at any rate men and women of pre-Freudian days had the advantage of living in a world where the subconscious really was subconscious, and no one was troubled by the thought that his emotions and actions were determined, not as he thought by his reason, but by a primitive subliminal force inside him.

It is one of Mr. Lewis Mumford's achievements to have endowed the past with a subconscious mind—with an ego, a super-ego, a sense of guilt, and all those other mental and emotional attributes which make life so complicated.

The technique of psycho-analysis in the individual life is to unbury the past and so dissipate destructive, subliminal tensions. Mr. Mumford thinks that the same principle applies to human communities. 'People whose course of life has reached a crisis,' he writes, 'must confront their collective past as fully as a neurotic patient must unbury his personal life: long-forgotten traumas in history may have a disastrous effect upon millions who are unaware of them.'

There is no way of finding out whether this analogy between individual and social psycho-analysis is a true one. Indeed, the basic assumptions of psycho-analysis are themselves not necessarily true in any kind of absolute sense; the most one can say about them is that very often the technique based upon them *works*. But Mr. Mumford's hypothesis demands a very high degree of insight, an extraordinary persistence of intellectual effort, a sense of responsibility for things remote from the person, and a great breadth of imaginative conception; and it demands the existence of these qualities on a very widespread scale. But there is little evidence that those conditions can be satisfied within any reasonable space of time. So, while *The Condition of Man* excites us by the vastness of the spiritual and intellectual panorama which it unfolds, it also somewhat depresses us by its demonstration of the complexity of life and of the persistence of those forces which prevent the full integration of human personalities.

Although this volume has been described as a history of western civilisation, it is as different from an orthodox history book as Wells's *Outline of History* was from the history books of his day. Wells's *Outline* was the logical result of the acceptance of the theory of evolution, and *The Condition of Man* bears a similar relationship to the theories of Freud. Both Wells and Mumford are highly critical of orthodox history: Wells because of its emphasis on nations and on

events and personalities of little social significance; Mumford because of its superficiality. 'So far from being overwhelmed by the accumulations of history,' he writes, 'the fact is that mankind has never consciously carried enough of its past along with it. Hence a tendency to stereotype a few sorry moments of the past instead of perpetually re-thinking it, re-valuating it, and re-living it in the mind. It is only by this act of deliberately recapturing the past that one can escape its unconscious influence.' He is interested not in the national and international framework which occupied so much of Wells's attention, but in the development of the human personality within the changing framework of western civilisation.

A civilisation is to be judged not by its Boulder Dams or its Gloster Meteors, but by its human beings, and the test of the social structure is not its efficiency in producing material wealth, but the extent to which it allows the full development of human personalities. Mr. Mumford uses the phrase 'the organic person' to indicate the kind of human being who may properly be called civilised and upon whom indeed, in his view, civilisation itself ultimately depends. The 'organic person' is one who is fully integrated and well balanced. He not only reacts as a complete person to every part of his environment, but acts upon his environment with an inner dynamic force. No one part of his mind is shut off from the other. At every moment of his life the whole of his personality is in play, or at least at ready call. He sees life not as a compartmented affair but as a unified whole. Reason, perception, imagination and emotion work in balance and harmony, freely spontaneous.

Such a full integration of the personality is seldom met with. Indeed, Mr. Mumford almost goes so far as to say it has happened only once in human history, in the case of his hero, Patrick Geddes. But this is surely staking a very large claim. Of all the personalities of the past one can explore only those who have in one way or another made their mark in history, and it is not at all certain that the fully integrated and well-balanced man is the kind of man who does make his mark upon history. Europe today is only too well aware of the melancholy truth that the ill-balanced personality is more likely than his opposite to impose his will and his particular view of things upon his fellow-men.

Examining the causes which led to the fall of previous civilisations, Mr. Mumford makes it clear that in his view the essential cause has always been a neglect in one way or another of the human personality. Even Greek civilisation in which there was 'an organic sense of the person' was founded upon slavery, and this meant that for a large section of the community there was no opportunity for a free development of the personality. To an even greater extent Roman civilisation was founded on slavery, and the Romans themselves were enslaved by their huge imperial machine. Christ asserted the absolute importance of human personality; but this essential part of his teaching was lost when the Church became so highly organised that political power was regarded as more sacred than the human individual.

Out of the organisation of the Church, too, developed modern capitalism which, with its emphasis on great accumulations of material wealth, is an even greater enemy of the full development of personality. The first capitalists were in the great monasteries of the Middle Ages. The Church became more interested in worldly wealth than in spiritual power; and the capitalist personality which developed was the very antithesis of the early Christian who sought to love his neighbour as himself. The other doctrines of meekness and humility served not to dethrone the mighty but to bind in chains a growing proletariat.

Protestantism, he believes, came originally as a revolt against the dominance of money and power; but it is one of the ironies of history that those who successfully rebel very often become guilty of the crimes they have rebelled against. The Protestant saw moral good in the pursuit of humble, necessary tasks; drudgery was a valuable modification of the flesh, but it also brought material profits. Those who rebelled against Mammon ended up in the worship of him. Jacob Fugger II, who left a monastery to attend to his business enterprises, has his counterpart in the strictly Protestant John D. Rockefeller I. Along with the development of capitalism came the gradual mechanisation of life. There were revolts against the encroachments of the machine. Tintoretto and Michelangelo, Rabelais and Shakespeare, Montaigne and Rubens are some of the names associated with the first great 'insurgence of life'. Rousseau, according to Mr. Mumford, is the greatest figure of the later revolt.

But the progress of the machine continued, and with the increasing mechanisation of life came cultural death, or at the very least disease. In Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*, which has a sanatorium for its setting, Mr. Mumford finds a symbol of the twentieth century . . . 'disease has counterfeited life: disease has reorganised science, art, love for its own purposes;

and death has now become the main goal of our living, lovingly circumvented, profitably elaborated, but no less inexorably perverting every hour of life. War alone can bring awakening; can renew the sense of self-direction and responsibility that a healthy personality always carries with it. . . . Here, then, is the modern world, with its over-charges of empty stimuli, its perpetual miscarriage of technique, its materialistic repletion, its costly ritual of conspicuous waste, its highly organised purposelessness; here is a veritable clinical picture of the cultural disease from which the world suffers.'

In the midst of all this barbarism and dissolution, Mr. Mumford turns to one man as the symbol of regeneration, a man obscure in his lifetime, hardly better known today, a dozen years after his death, but one 'who incarnated the organic and made an orderly constellation of its vitalities.' This is Patrick Geddes, the Scottish biologist, who spent a lifetime spreading the gospel that towns, cities, and regions should be planned in such a way that the external environment should have an integrating influence upon the individual. Mr. Mumford goes so far as to say that in the personality of Geddes a new mutation of the human being appeared; that he was the type of man upon whom the future of civilisation depends.

There are many people who find Mr. Mumford's style irritating. He has a preference for a number of words which only Patrick Geddes and he use in that particular way. There is a curious mixture of erudition and a kind of jargon which is current in American academic circles. He is not incapable of forgetting that truth may slip through the two halves of an analogy. He is inclined to bend history a little so as to bring it in line with his theories. Often an assertion seems to fall upon a page out of thin air. But with all these faults, because of the weight it brings to a new assertion of the absolute importance of human personality, this book seems to me to be one of the most significant of recent years.

The question of historical truth is not of much concern nowadays. Any interpretation of the past is at best only a rough approximation to the truth. The test of the book is whether its study enriches the present or gives guidance for the future. We may be approaching the end of the mind's tether, and if we are to look anywhere for guidance, it is to the past we must turn—for there is nowhere else: the future does not exist and the present is already past. Whether Mr. Mumford's interpretation of the past will be of importance to the future depends on the extent to which his ideas are incorporated in the general fabric of thought. That process took place with Wells, and, despite his limitations of style, Mr. Mumford, it seems to me, is also one of the prophets.

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY

THE MAHAVAMSA[1]

REVIEWED BY BRUCE BAIN

PALI is not, as yet, on the Berlitz programme, and the great Pali scriptures are known, in the original, to a few scholars only, but unnecessary scruples on the validity of translations should not deter the Western reader from explorations which will bring rich rewards. It is true that Cary is no substitute for Dante; that Scott-Moncrieff's skill cannot recreate Proust, and that Goethe anglicised is Goethe pruned of greatness, but we cannot afford to learn Pali, nor can we yet afford to ignore such monuments of human experience as the Upanishads. Reading the translations of scholars of integrity such as Rhys Davies, a new field of imagination is opened for us, and among these works, unknown to English readers but deserving a wider audience, is *The Mahavamsa*, or Great Chronicle, the sixth-century record of Sinhalese history.

The Mahavamsa describes with exuberant devotion the golden age of Sinhalese history. It pictures that great ecclesiastical civilisation of Ceylon, or Lanka as it is known by the inhabitants, which centred around the great city of Anuradhapura in the first centuries of the Christian era. Anuradhapura is now in ruins among the jungle; but two thousand years ago it was a city of five-and-a-half millions among richly fertile fields, a centre of Buddhism, rich

[1] Translated and edited by Dr. W. Geiger. *Humphrey Milford*, published for the Pali Text Society, 1934.

in palaces and gem-studded shrines. In *The Mahavamsa* fable and fact are interwoven; myth and moral decorate the vivid narrative, which transcends history and yet lives fully beyond the fact in the spirit of the past. It is the testament of the foundation of a religion and of a society, and it is a triumphant statement. There is none of that twilit poetry that Nietzsche admired in Buddhism. Here, under the garish sun, past paddy-field and under palm-tree, in pomp and pageantry, pass the kings and queens, praising the Prince of the World and affirming life. Each chapter, it is true, closes conventionally with a ready moral, and recommends the fear of death and rejection of the world, but the princes of Lanka clasp the gilded shackles of reality, and the chronicler himself delights in the great palaces, the ivory thrones, the emeralds and the sapphires, the great feasts, the scents of lotus and jasmine. It is a record of pride, not of humility, full of living characters, not the stuffed puppets of proselytisers. Thus, although it is not a Sinhalese chronicle in the way that Holinshed, for instance, is an English chronicle, for its allegiances are broadly Buddhist rather than specifically Sinhalese, *The Mahavamsa* has played a considerable part in the rebirth of Sinhalese national feeling. The stories of the Vijaya kings are part of the curriculum in the schools of modern Lanka. They link the Sinhalese with the past, and give him, through the long interregnum and foreign conquest, a sense of continuity. The continuity, indeed, can be traced in the scene. In England we may gape at Stonehenge or Glastonbury: we look in vain for the Druids or Joseph's saved tree. In Lanka the *bhikkhus* in their yellow robes, shaven-headed, walk the streets as they have walked for over two thousand years, and still in Anuradhapura you may visit the great 'bo-tree', grown from a branch of that tree under which Gautama Buddha gained 'bodhi' (enlightenment) five hundred years before Christ. (The fascinating and miraculous story of the arrival of that branch, with the attendant wonders, is recorded in *The Mahavamsa.*) Moreover, though this is a fact which cannot here be illustrated, the states of mind as well as the stage properties remain.

The Mahavamsa was first translated in 1837 by George Turnour. Only two copies were known to exist, and the chronicle was greatly neglected, as were, indeed, Pali studies in general. Even at the end of the last century, when Dr. Geiger was preparing his edition, there were no copies in Sinhalese, and two texts in Burmese were sent from Mandalay. Dr. Geiger's translation is mercifully a literal one: we are spared Lights of Asia, and Wardour Street verse! 'Compiled for the serene joy and emotion of the pious', as we are reminded in each chapter, *The Mahavamsa* covers a period of approximately seven hundred years, from the time of Gautama Buddha to A.D. 300. Pure religious devotion is mixed with casuistry and the Borgia-like pedigree of a royal line. Secular and sacred are indistinct, and we watch the gradual compromises of Buddhism, in pageantry and display, twined with ritual and myth, spreading through the Island of the Blessed. The story begins with Buddha's first (mythical) visit to Ceylon. One evening, after his evening meal, he set out 'to win Lanka for the faith', and shocked the Yakkhas, the supernatural inhabitants, with rain, storm and miracles. From that time we are deafened by thunder, shaken by earthquakes, cudgelled by miracles as the faith spreads, but the excess rarely bores, for the whole epic is pitched in a constant key of exaggeration infused by poetry, and withal is clarified with everyday detail. When a king goes out hunting, he has 40,000 retainers. Demons are converted in batches of 170,000; the power of the order must be backed with fact and super-fact. When the 'light of the world' was extinguished, that is, when Gautama Buddha died, 700,000 leading *bhikkhus* alone were present.

We follow the story through the Buddhist Councils, and the life of Asoka, the first Buddhist Emperor of India. 'A hundred glorious sons and one bad Bindusara; Asoka stood high above them all in valour, splendour, might and wondrous powers. He, when he had slain his ninety-nine brothers born of different mothers, won the undivided sovereignty over all Jambodipa (i.e. India).' At his consecration all creation assisted. Parrots from the North brought daily 90,000 wagon-loads of rice, which mice converted into grains for the meals of Asoka and his family. 'Perpetually did honey-bees prepare honey for him, and in the forges bears swung the hammers.' When he was converted, he ordered the kings of the World to build a temple for each of the 84,000 sections of the *dharma*, or Buddhist law, and from 84,000 cities came news on the same day that the temples were finished. We learn to live in the dimension of miracle, until the supernatural blends with the natural, and the world becomes one magnificent possibility. There is grim humour, too, as in the story of the king who was a practical joker. One of his palace watchmen was almost his double, and to amuse himself, the king dressed him in his robes, and as a watchman roared with laughter to see his ministers honouring the impostor. This went on for some time, till one day the watchman on the

throne said: 'Why does this guard laugh in my presence?' and had the real king executed. The story of the Sinhalese dynasty is rich in fantasy and sexual myth; sprung from the twin incestuous offspring of a lion and a royal princess, a line of parricides and murderers interrupted by saints and devout Buddhists. One of the most delightful tales is of the Tamil king Elara, who had a passion for justice. 'At the head of his bed he had a bell hung up, with a long rope, so that those who desired a judgment at night might ring it.' A cow woke him one night, 'dragging at the bell in bitterness of heart', for her calf had been killed by a wheel of his son's chariot. The king accordingly had his son's head severed by the same wheel of his own chariot!

Quotation does scant justice to this work, in which there is such a vast wealth of piety, pageantry, and humour. It is a tale with the amplitude of the dreaming imagination, the consummations of a cosmic desire, a poetry of faith that kindles the rambling drama played to a universal audience. Here is painted the tapestry of an alien history, the exaltations of a great creed, the faith of a society that, like all healthy societies, was *building*.

NEW BOOKS

ECONOMIC REBIRTH

By R. G. Hawtrey. *Longmans Green.* 5s.

The author, whose previous books on banking and money have received much praise, here gives an analysis of our most urgent problems of economic and social reconstruction. He does so with skill and judgment. The sections on post-war priorities, on controls, on 'a forced loan', on prices and wages, on co-operation of workpeople and the subsidies to the cost of living deserve particular attention. One can heartily agree with the author's contention that an attempt to maintain the standard of living by increasing money wages would reduce the wealth-value of money, and leave real wages where they were. Where Mr. Hawtrey tries to arrive at his own specific recommendations, agreement must be modified. His opinions about controls are well justified, but one of his principal suggestions that a great part of the detailed controls could be superseded by a Government monopoly of the wholesale trade is unfortunate. Nationalisation may be realisable where an industry or trade no longer demands individuality, personal initiative and incentive. The wholesale trade is the last of that kind, and it is particularly surprising that Mr. Hawtrey has chosen an example of the textile wholesale trade to support his suggestion. It would be disastrous to replace in trades like this, by a staff of civil servants, the necessary flexibility and adaptability to difficult positions, which require the proper estimates of trade trends at home and abroad and a flair for fashion and consumers' demand. The author wishes to explain economic rebirth 'in straightforward language'. But brevity and freedom from 'economic technicality' may involve the danger of over-simplification, and the author in his otherwise excellent book has not altogether escaped this risk.

HERMANN LEVY

THE OUTLOOK OF SCIENCE

By R. L. Worrall. *Staples Press.* 12s. 6d.

It would appear that the first printing of this work enjoyed a reception which has encouraged the publishers to produce a second edition but I suspect it is unlikely that it will do more than satiate the already satisfied. A new introduction has been written and the chapter on Modern Physics extended to cover changes since 1933, while the section on Space and Time has received a nod of approval from Professor Einstein himself.

To those fresh to the conflict between the ardent supporters of Dialectic Materialism and its opponents, much of this book, in spite of the well-selected quotations from eminent authorities, will remain dialectics indeed. It is perhaps unfortunate that the author is so bigoted in his political beliefs: the point is made more than once that for him there is only one system of Government under which 'Science will become deeply rooted in the masses and a secure defence of the peoples of the world . . .' Undiscerning readers might think that the whole of his outlook was equally one-sided, which would be a pity; warnings regarding the political control of scientists should not be allowed to go unheeded.

Naturally the author is more at home in the passages dealing directly with the medical sciences—who would have a surgeon otherwise?—and the treatment throughout has, perhaps, a slightly physiological bias. This is not to say that the chapters devoted to physics are not extremely competent. There is a remarkable broadness of vision and the pages are here and there enlivened by a dusting of acid humour.

KENNETH G. MYER

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SYRIA

By Roy Fedden. *Robert Hale.* 21s.

If ever a country had its history written in its stones, it is Syria. Romantic and impressive ruins from all ages lie scattered in every quarter of the land, monumental relics of civilisations that have come and gone. Sub-titling his book *An Historical Appreciation*, Mr. Fedden has based his theme on these ruined cities and castles, relating them to their background and 'attempting to answer the questions which normally arise in the minds of the inquisitive traveller when faced with the ruins of places such as Ruad, Baalbeck, the Oasis of Resafa and the castles of the Crusaders.' It is not, therefore, to be approached as an all-embracing survey of a country which has been regarded from ancient times as a repository of the curious and strange (though I, for one, would welcome a further volume dealing more specifically with this tantalising aspect of Syria); nor is it just another 'travel book' (though the author did much journeying before he wrote it). But taken for what it is, an historical appreciation, it is a fascinating and useful piece of writing.

Beginning with the Phœnician coast, whose Tyre and Sidon must surely be two of the most familiar place-names in history (though many of us would be hard put to say much about their past), Mr. Fedden tackles his theme more or less chronologically, using the ruins of Baalbeck, Palmyra, Halibeyah, Resafa, Kalat Seman, Raqqa, Kasr el-Heir and others as eminences from which to survey the various civilisations—Græco-Roman, Byzantine, Umayyad, Turkish—of which they were once vital parts.

For me, the most interesting chapter is that dealing with the immense and solid forts raised by the Crusaders in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries: the description, in words and pictures, of Krak, 'perhaps the best preserved and most wholly admirable castle in the world' (T. E. Lawrence), leaves one with a profound sense of awe at the building achievements of those long-dead soldiers of the Cross.

Mr. Fedden deals mainly with the past; nevertheless from the book one can piece together a revealing picture of present-day Syria and its problems (though some of these have been resolved since he wrote). His remarks on the harm done by the separating from historical Syria of Palestine and Transjordan are very pertinent just now.

The book's value is enhanced by a number of very fine photographs.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

WHAT CONGRESS AND GANDHI HAVE DONE TO THE UNTOUCHABLES

By Dr. Ambedkar. *Thacker.* Bombay. Rs. 12. 8.

Many Indians are so obsessed with the minutiae of their domestic politics that it never occurs to them that others may not share this strange devotion. This makes them bad advocates. In presenting a case they tend to be verbose, repetitious, too ready to drag in all kinds of subsidiary matter. Take, for example, this work by Dr. Ambedkar, the well-known leader of the Untouchables. Nearly a quarter of its 400 pages is taken up by sixteen appendices, and, in the body of the work proper, so to speak, there is much too much quotation from wearisome official documents, private correspondence, and the rest.

This is a pity, as Dr. Ambedkar really has something to say—that the cause of the Untouchables has been side-tracked by Congress; in particular that it has been sabotaged by Gandhi, who so often poses as their heaven-sent champion.

If the reader has both the patience and the interest to sort it all out he will find that the author has a strong case. Since, however, he feels so deeply about the matter, it would have been better if he had written a real book instead of presenting us, as he has done here, with a mass of ill-arranged material and excruciating prose of the 'Excuse, please' Anglo-Indian variety. If the materials were properly used, some sense of proportion brought into play, the book cut down to at least half its present length, and some style attempted—we would have a notable addition to polemical literature.

It may be objected that a political writer in a hurry, dealing with a pressing social problem, has no need to employ literary artifice; no time to attempt 'fine writing'. I vigorously disagree. I take it that a political writer seeks to bring round as many people as possible within a short period of time to a certain point of view, which point of view, when accepted, calls for a specific line of action. This means that the reader's interest must be sustained throughout: no dull passages; no side-issues dealt with at any great length—nothing at all, in fact, which does not reinforce or illustrate the main thesis.

If Dr. Ambedkar cannot find the time to rewrite his book, he should see to it that some devoted disciple does—preferably one who has heard of Cobbett or Robert Blatchford.

AUBREY NOAKES

'I'll tell you one thing—Henry James wasn't worth *a forty-seven-cent fine'* NEW YORKER

FRENCH PERSONALITIES AND PROBLEMS

By D. W. Brogan. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

It was, I believe, Arthur Koestler who coined the phrase 'the French 'flu'—in an essay denouncing the excessive francophilia of English intellectuals. He was, of course, justified in condemning that extravagant and uncritical worship of everything French, but he was too sweeping in his condemnation: it would extend, presumably, to men like Professor Brogan, who is undoubtedly addicted to the disease, admitting unashamedly to being one of those 'who, like all civilised men, have two countries, their own and France.' But there is nothing uncritical about Professor Brogan's devotion to France. It is based, unlike that of most British francophiles, on a deep knowledge and understanding of the country—its people, its history and institutions, its literature, art and culture. He is neither blind to French vices nor oblivious of French follies and crimes—and his attachment is none the less fervent for that.

Those who have read his remarkable book, *The Development of Modern France*, will remember with what vast erudition and profound insight he surveyed the history of the Third Republic. The same qualities characterise this volume—a collection of essays published over the past ten years, and covering a wide variety of subjects directly or indirectly connected with France. Whether he is assessing the literary merits of Dumas *père* (whom, by the way, he regards as the embodiment of an important and neglected aspect of French character and French history) or evaluating Proust's contribution to social history; whether analysing the pernicious doctrines of Charles Maurras or appraising the Gaullist movement; whether examining the causes of the 1940 disaster or discussing such abstractions as Power and Nationalism, Professor Brogan is equally at home. He carries his learning with a nonchalant ease, and since he is a brilliant writer, with a lucid, elegant style and a sharp though unobtrusive wit, he is never dull.

Most of these essays were written during the years of occupation, and it is astonishing, in view of the confusions and uncertainties surrounding the French situation after June 1940—when most Englishmen and not a few Frenchmen despaired of France—how firm and persistent was his confidence in the fundamental virtue (in the Latin sense) and integrity of the French people. 'The Pétain Government,' he writes in July 1940, 'will try to turn French anger and French shame against us. It will, at first, have some success. But its success is bound to be limited . . . The vision that may haunt some French minds of France as a willing partner in a Fascist Europe is baseless. Fascism needs some spiritual food, it needs the psychological support of patriotism. What can the Pétain Government do to supply that need? Against it speaks the most varied patriotic tradition in Europe.'

This last point is an important one. The Revolution cut such a deep rift in French history that one tends unconsciously to consider that history as though it related to two different nations. Indeed, there are many Frenchmen for whom 1789 marks the beginning of their world, and as many more who regard everything that has happened since as a grotesque aberration. But there is a continuity in French tradition which transcends even the Revolution, and St. Louis, St. Joan and Richelieu are as much a part of it as Danton, Gambetta and Clemenceau.

If there is any criticism to be made of Professor Brogan's judgments on recent French history, it is that he is inclined to underestimate the moral havoc wrought by Vichy. 'France,' he says, writing in 1943, 'will emerge purified by her sufferings.' This is only half true: the legacy of the occupation could hardly have been an unmixed blessing, and moral as well as intellectual confusion is one of the most distressing features of contemporary France—though it need not be exaggerated.

It is to be hoped that Professor Brogan will supplement his earlier masterpiece with a full account of the death of the Third Republic and the birth of the Fourth. Meanwhile, these interim studies can be warmly and gratefully welcomed.

TERENCE KILMARTIN

FRANCE BETWEEN THE REPUBLICS

By Dorothy M. Pickles. *Contact Publications.* 10s.

The history of France during the second world war will be a fertile field of research for the historian of the future. The causes of the collapse; the tortuous ramifications of the Vichy administration, with its endless intrigues and treacherous rivalries; the strange and insidious power of the Pétain *mystique*; the growth of the Resistance; the position of de Gaulle; the North African episode—these and many other questions will be analysed and debated *ad nauseam*.

The author of *France between the Republics* has not attempted to probe deeply into all this. She has confined herself, wisely in view of the close proximity of the events of which she writes, to giving a brief factual outline of the political, social and economic life of France throughout the occupation and the first year of liberation. While making due allowance for this deliberate limitation of scope, one may nevertheless legitimately criticise the bald and superficial treatment of some of the most important aspects of the story. Particularly weak in this respect is the chapter on 'Resistant France', which is full of such trite generalisations as: 'Typically, resistance in France started among the workers and intellectuals'—a somewhat questionable assertion, in any case. However, it is likely to be a long time before anyone is able to penetrate the fog of myth and cant which obscures the true story of the resistance. On most other questions the author is accurate, knowledgeable and objective. Her rather colourless academic style conceals a singular warmth of sympathy and understanding for the French people, and her book can be recommended both to the student of French affairs and to the general reader. TERENCE KILMARTIN

THE YEAR OF STALINGRAD

By Alexander Werth. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

Since they have rejected God, the necessity of belief impels Communists everywhere to accept with blind obedience and alacrity the very latest propaganda 'lines' emanating from the Holy City where reigns the benign Stalin, half-deity, half-Santa Claus. They have a weakness for fantasy which amazes one nurtured in the cynicism of the Faith. One of their favourite legends concerns Press Lords, the Cyclops of the Modern World, who are all in a wicked conspiracy to suppress all news 'favourable to Russia' or likely to knock 'vested interests'. Here comes the *pièce de résistance* to our lively tableau—another book by Alexander Werth, our best informed correspondent on Soviet life.

Mr. Werth has provided us with more than a chronological account of Russia's battle for survival during the autumn and winter of 1942–43. He not only recaptures the near-past and the headlines of yesterday, but goes behind mere facts. He interprets them fairly, dispassionately, with sympathy and insight. He explains why the Red Army got rid of bungling political Commissars and replaced them with real soldiers; Russian reactions to Hess landing in Britain; what the Russians thought of this country and of the United States. More important, perhaps, is his study of Russian propaganda methods during the war.

Here we have the ideal reporter eager to tell of events as they presented themselves. He is especially good at reporting conversations. His early chapters describing a journey from this country to Moscow under hazardous, wartime conditions, are rich in thumb-nail character sketches which make it quite clear that Mr. Werth can, whenever he feels tired of his international roamings, settle down and make a second reputation for himself as a novelist.

It is obvious that Mr. Werth has a great admiration for the Russians, and he is more concerned in interpreting *their* views than they are in expressing their own. One thing stands out from all the recorded conversations. The Russians, even highly placed ones, are so dosed with propaganda that they tend to look at the world in a one-eyed way. Take the Second Front agitation, for example, about which there is a great deal in this book. No one in Russia appears to have had any true conception of what Britain was doing; they were deliberately kept in the dark. There is much harping on Munich, but little is said about the early days of the war when the Soviets were allied to Germany, when our own war effort was seriously undermined by the activities of Communist 'cells' in British war factories. It is grimly ironical that many factory workers, who, gulled by Communist propaganda, short-changed 'the first of the few' in the early days of the war with their 'go slow' policy, began to 'talk tough' about a Second Front and trek dutifully to Trafalgar Square on Sunday afternoons as soon as the Russians inadvertently found themselves at war with Germany. Someone should have explained this to the Russians. A great deal of trouble at the Peace Conference is doubtless due to the Russians being allowed unchallenged to belittle Britain's war effort and foster the notion that they were winning the war all on their own.

As a record of Russia's great struggle, however, this book is invaluable. It is, too, extremely readable. The only serious fault with the book as a whole is that the print is very small, the margins too narrow. AUBREY NOAKES

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WHILE FOLLOWING THE PLOUGH

By John Stewart Collis. *Cape*. 9s. 6d.

Good books about the land are scarce. Farming folk are usually inarticulate men, too busy and too close to their subject to write about it, while outsiders are inevitably self-conscious, either starry-eyed or tense. Mr. Collis, a writer who worked as a farm-labourer during the war, gets the best of both worlds, which is perhaps the key to his extremely readable book.

Although the farm-labourer's life is arduous, Mr. Collis still found time to reflect and observe. His approach is unpretentious and good-humoured. Nothing momentous happens from day to day, but the impression which the diary makes is cumulative. The quietly-told story reflects the rhythm of work on the land; there is a harmonious balance between thinking and doing, and the job comes first. Familiar things are described in a vivid way and the author has a quick eye for character. There is a memorable and amusing portrait of his employer, a man of relentless energy and drive who does his share of every job and demands the last ounce from his men. He dominates the book and our trepidation at his frequent appearance matches that of the men themselves. This portrait and the men's reaction are beautifully done.

The best test of a book of this kind is how an expert would regard it. My host, a farmer who scarcely reads a book a year, read *While Following the Plough* in two sittings and his verdict of high approval would make a suitable blurb for the reprint which will surely be called for. That, it seems to me, is a more worth-while recommendation than easy praise from a reviewer.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

THE TROLLOPES: THE CHRONICLE OF A WRITING FAMILY

By Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins. *Secker & Warburg*. 18s.

In 1827, the fortunes of the Trollope family were at a very low ebb. Thomas Anthony Trollope, the head of the family, had little idea of how best to spend money and less idea of how to earn it. For ten years they had been living beyond their income. Frances Trollope, his wife, decided that she herself would supplement the family income. She conceived the fantastic scheme of going to America to look over the commercial possibilities of the Western States. She thought of opening a bazaar in a frontier city. So she went to America with one of her sons and two of her daughters. Her husband followed a year later, but stayed for only a short time. In Cincinnati, Frances Trollope had built her bazaar, a spacious building with a Saracenic façade, a dome surmounted by a spire, and an immense display of Gothic windows. Before it was quite finished, she fell ill; the bazaar was sold at a sheriff's auction; ten thousand dollars' worth of goods brought from England were disposed of in small lots. In the general *débâcle* the Trollopes lost all their personal property. At the age of fifty, Frances Trollope was ill, penniless, among people who disliked her, yet with a family to support. In circumstances that would have brought most people to despair, this woman began a writing career. She set down her opinions about America. The book, *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*, appeared in 1832. The *Quarterly* published forty pages of excerpts from it; and Frances Trollope's literary fortune was well on the way to being established. From then on she wrote novels and travel books with that dogged persistence for which her son, Anthony, later became notorious and then famous. She travelled frequently in Europe; she established a villa in Florence, which became a centre of culture in one of Italy's cultural centres; she crossed the Alps in a sled when she was old. Three-volume novels continued to come from her pen until she was seventy-six.

In spite of Anthony Trollope's greater fame, his mother is the dominating character in this book. It was a very extraordinary woman who in 1927 would think of building a showy department store in Cincinnati; beside her bizarre career Anthony's steady climb up the ladders of literature and the Post-Office make dullish reading.

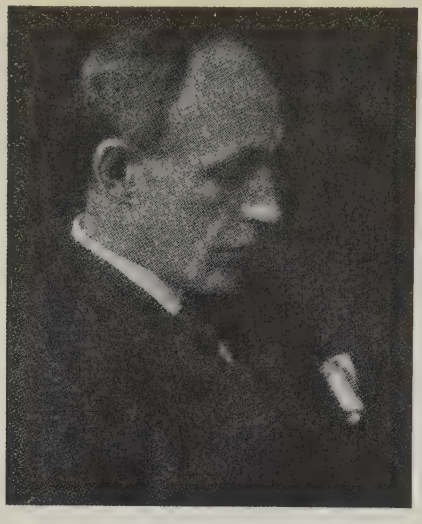
The head of the family occupied his declining years in compiling an interminable ecclesiastical encyclopædia. Thomas, who even as a grown man was dependent on his mother, published *The Girlhood of Catherine de Medici*, his first important work, at the age of forty-seven.

There is so much character in this book that it is of absorbing interest throughout and it is difficult to say where it is most successful. I am inclined to think that the authors have best succeeded where they have dealt with the relations between Frances Trollope and her two sons. The fact that Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins are mother and son is no doubt in part responsible for this particular excellence.

With such a remarkable vein of character to work on, the authors could hardly have been dull; but on this crowded stage it would have been easy for them to have had the characters stumbling over one another. This never happens; all goes as smoothly as the Trollope pen; and it does the scholarship of the work no discredit to say that in the end the whole thing reads like a good, even-paced novel.

HUNTER DIACK

FAMOUS MEN PLEAD HUMANITY'S CAUSE



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Forecast of Armageddon

THE atomic bomb has set a problem to mankind which must be solved if any tolerable existence is to be possible for the human race. The problem is that of abolishing large-scale war, not at some distant future date, but quickly, before there has been time for another vast conflict to break out.

If the next great war were to occur within the next two or three years, it would probably lead to a quick victory for the United States and its allies, since no other Power would have atomic bombs. But if there is no war in the near future, there will have been time for Russia to manufacture atomic bombs—and not only Russia, but many other nations, great and small. It must be assumed that bombs will soon become much cheaper and much more destructive than those dropped on the Japanese. In addition to bombs, there is the possibility of spraying large regions with radioactive substances which will exterminate all life in their neighbourhood. Given a little carelessness, life on this planet may be made impossible.

It is to be expected that, if war comes, it will begin with a surprise attack in the style of Pearl Harbour. The aggressor will hope for a knock-out blow so severe as to make retaliation impossible. If Great Britain were the target, it is probable that this hope would be realised, for Great Britain is peculiarly vulnerable to atomic attack, owing to the smallness of its area and the density of its population. It is to be expected that during the first day or two, London, Glasgow, and all the major centres of population will be wiped out; industrial production will be paralysed, and about half the inhabitants will perish. To carry on the war after such a blow would be totally impossible.

The situation will be slightly less catastrophic, though still appalling, if the attack is directed against the United States. In the first twenty-four hours, New York, Washington, Chicago, and all the main centres of population will cease to exist; President and Congress will have undergone a diabolic alchemy, and a considerable percentage of the inhabitants of the United States, including most of those who are important in industry, will perish. The bombs will be borne by rockets, and it will be a matter of guess-work to infer what government is responsible. Some of the survivors will clamour for peace at any price, while others will proclaim that they would rather die than submit to so foul a blow. If the nation's store of atomic bombs has been successfully safeguarded, probably the resisters will prevail; there will be fierce revenge, many nations will be drawn in, and destruction will continue until disorganisation makes the further manufacture of atomic bombs impossible. If one side succeeds first in this aim, it may consider that it has won a victory, but it will be a 'victory' far more disastrous to the 'victor' than any defeat known to history.

Let us consider for a moment what will be involved in the meantime in safeguarding atomic bombs and rockets. It will be necessary to keep their location secret, which will mean virtually a prison camp for those who work in connection with them. It will involve a constant suspicion of treachery, leading to a prohibition of foreign travel for all but the most highly-trusted public servants, as already in Russia. It will involve a complete cessation of freedom for all scientific workers whose activities have any bearing on the warlike utilisation of atomic energy. It will require apparatus and crews always ready, day and night, to retaliate upon whomever is considered the most probable enemy, as soon as there is any report of an atomic bomb being dropped. These crews must be told that in a crisis they are not to wait for orders, since the statesmen and higher command will probably be wiped out. In the atmosphere of mutual suspicion thus generated, diplomats will meet to discuss such important questions as who is to have the oil of Persia or the tin of Malaya; as they talk, they will be wondering which side will get in first with its Pearl Harbour. Sooner or later, nerves will give way, and the explosion will occur.

BERTRAND RUSSELL in *Polemic*

The Real Imperialists

. . . FEW words in the English language have been so frequently misused as the world 'imperialism'.

Strictly, 'imperialism' merely means 'the rule of an emperor'. In reality, it is used to describe any action taken by a foreign State which is not advantageous to one's own State. In the sense that every country puts its own interests first, every

country is imperialistic, and we should be crying for the moon if we expected anything else.

The word 'imperialism', as it is commonly used in 1946, has become almost meaningless, but for all practical purposes it can be defined as 'national expansion by territorial, economic or political means'. If that definition be accepted, we would suggest that no countries are more imperialistic today than the two big powers which condemn the word 'imperialism'. Nowhere is 'imperialism' more strenuously attacked than in the United States and the Soviet Union, and yet no two countries are more deliberately and consciously engaged in a process of expansion.

The technique of expansion differs. In both cases it is partly territorial, but in the case of the United States the emphasis is economic, and in the case of the Soviet Union, political.

The clash of the two imperialisms is clearly demonstrated in China. Officially China is recognised as one of the Big Five, yet Russia is treating China like a third-rate Balkan State and the U.S. is treating China like a third-rate Latin American State. Soviet troops are firmly entrenched in Port Arthur, Dairen and along the railways of Manchuria, by agreement with the Chinese Government. Marines, also by agreement with the Chinese Government, are wandering about China with the ostensible purpose of disarming the Japanese Army which surrendered unconditionally more than a year ago.

Korea is also occupied jointly by Soviet and troops—at least, jointly in the sense that they are both there, but not in the sense that there is any co-operation. Any rational human being would treat the *world* as an economic unit, but the Big Powers, in Korea as in Germany, are incapable of treating even one country as an economic unit. Korea is arbitrarily divided into two occupation zones along the thirty-eighth parallel, the Russians occupying the industrial North and the Americans the agricultural South.

To all intents and purposes Russia has annexed the whole of Sakhalin and the Kuriles. Similarly, the United States has annexed the Ryukyus, Izus, Bonins, Carolines, Marshalls and Marianas, not to mention Japan (despite the pretence of an Allied Commission). In addition, the United States Navy Department, with the support of President Truman, is demanding 'full title' to certain other Pacific Islands, including Guadalcanal and Manus (Australian mandates), Noumea (French colony), and Esperito Santo (Anglo-French condominium). It looks as if the United States will add substantially to its own Pacific colonies of Hawaii, Guam and the Samoan Islands. The recent attainment of 'independence' by the Philippines is, we believe, quite illusory. The Pacific Ocean may become an American lake.

United States interest is by no means confined to the Pacific. In the Caribbean and the Atlantic, the United States Navy is seeking fresh bases in addition to those already established in her colonies of Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and the Canal Zone and those in nominally independent countries like Cuba. The Navy Department is being urged to demand 'full title' to the Caribbean and Atlantic bases loaned to the United States during the war as well as to other bases in Greenland, Iceland and North Africa. The way the U.S. Navy is gallivanting around the Mediterranean is (we are told) 'nobody's damn business'.

American economic imperialism was formerly directed towards Latin and South America where 'dollar diplomacy' is a familiar menace. American business interests, with the support of United States marines, could literally make or break governments in parts of the American Continent. The Monroe Doctrine was used as an excuse for, rather than a restriction of, imperialism. There are indications that American economic imperialism will in future extend beyond the borders of the American Continent . . .

But Russian imperialism is basically political and follows a familiar pattern. It is most intense in her neighbouring countries. But it is not confined to these countries, and can be seen, for instance, in Greece, Italy and France.

The technique is for a small but highly organised Communist Party in each country to urge the unity of all Left-Wing, anti-Fascist elements. The formation of a united political front is followed by a Coalition Government in which the Communists have a number of important Cabinet posts. The holders of these posts then use their official position to eliminate their political opponents. Eventually, completely Communist Governments will be formed, with strong ties with Moscow.

The process has reached various stages in different countries. It is virtually complete in Yugoslavia, well advanced in Poland, and making good progress in Persia.

We do not deny that the Russians may be genuinely convinced that all this is for the good of mankind. That is not the point. Sincerity is no excuse for folly. But we do say that this form of imperialism, like American economic imperialism (of which the average American is probably unaware), seriously increases the dangers of a third world war from which mankind may never recover.

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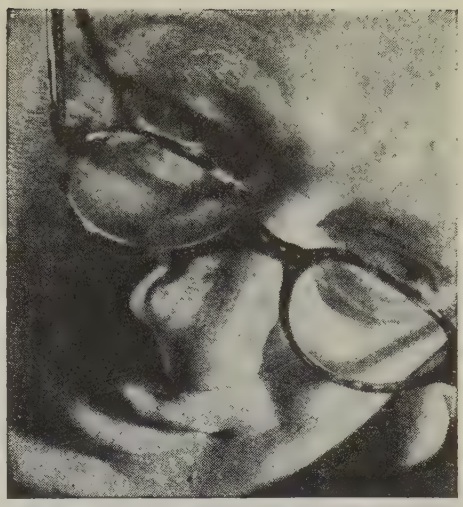

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'Any idea where I could get some olive oil?'

LE CANARD ENCHAÎNÉ

Communist Methods in China

CROW VILLAGE is in Communist-held territory in China. It is a few miles south-west of Kalgan, in the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Border Region, in north-east China. The Communists took it over last August, just after the Japanese surrender. I recently spent a few days there and had an unhampered, leisurely chance to see what is going on. None of the inquiries I made in Crow Village was supervised by Communists. The freedom with which I was permitted to poke around has made me think that the Russians, who are older at their game than the Chinese Communists, have a little to learn from their younger comrades about that bourgeois, but not altogether useless, pastime known to us as public relations. . .

Along with eleven other villages, Crow Village was placed by the Communists in the Eighth District of the Kalgan *hsien*, or municipal area. The first visitation of Communists to Crow Village came in the form of the District cadre—a dozen men trained as organisers in older Communist regions. They were dressed either in blue cotton uniforms or in the characteristic clothes of Old Hundred Names, as the Chinese call their poor people. The cadre at once set up a farmers' union and a labour union, drawing mostly on younger farmers and 'small buy-sell men', or itinerant venders, for membership. In a number of meetings of these unions, the cadre planned its first major operation, the campaign known as Clearing the Accounts. One afternoon a few days later, everyone in the village was told to assemble in the courtyard of the largest temple. The landlords had a fair idea of what was coming, but they all showed up. A cadre member presided over the meeting. He announced that the purpose of the assembly was to reckon all the wrongs committed in recent years by the landlords and to assess levies in payment for those misdeeds. This announcement went over extremely well, of course, with Old Hundred Names, who began to sing out accusations. A former farm coolie and vegetable hawker named Chang, who was particularly vocal throughout the session, was the first to speak. He shouted that when the Japanese had laid a labour assessment on the village (they had required as much as twenty days a month of every able-bodied man, for the construction of public works), the landlords had not gone but had sent their tenants instead. All through the meeting, Chang, though he had never been a tenant farmer himself, thought of other grievances.

The men against whom the villagers had grudges were Crow Village's nine big landlords and former Japanese puppets, mostly from the rich Hsi and Yang clans. A fair degree of mob excitement showed itself after a while, but the cadre kept the meeting in hand. The complaints boiled down to three: the labour-dodging that Chang had mentioned; the landlords' habit of passing on the heavy taxes and the electric-power costs on the radios they owned to the village as a whole; and the construction, at the community's expense, of a kind of fortified bedroom in the crenellated tower, to which the nine landlords retired on nights when bandits were around, while the farmers stayed up to patrol the town. By popular demand, the landlords were fined, altogether, fourteen million Japanese puppet dollars—then worth about $3,500—for these malpractices. This may not sound like much by American standards, but for the nine landlords of Crow Village it was bad news. The chairman of the meeting asked when the sum should be paid, and the crowd shouted, 'In five days! . . . Three days! . . . Tomorrow!'

The chairman then named a committee for further consideration of the account-clearing and proposed that the assemblage elect, from among Old Hundred Names, a new village head. The community had had the same headman—one of the nine landlords—for twenty years, and for the past eight he had been extremely friendly with the Japanese. Chang, mainly because he had made himself so audible in the account-clearing session, was elected, by voice vote. I suspect that the cadre—and the village—has since come to regret this choice, for Chang, despite his shouting that day, is no leader. He is a symbol, perhaps, of turnover, but he has no conspicuous abilities.

The account-clearing committee met the next day, reduced the assessment to three million Japanese puppet dollars, and gave the landlords

two weeks to pay. All of them paid up on time, and the money was doled out to the villagers.

Next came the most important item on the Communists' whole programme—the reduction of rents. For many years, both before the war and under the Japanese, the average rent for land was fifty per cent of the crop it produced. The Communists reduced the rents a flat twenty-five per cent of the amount previously charged, and, depending on how oppressive they considered that a particular landlord had been, they also made the reduction retroactive for anywhere between one and six years—mostly two. This meant that the landlords had to hurry around and buy millet or sorghum or corn equal to a quarter of the rent they had received for a year or more and give it to their tenants.

Farmers' taxes in China are also paid in kind, usually shortly after the harvest. The Communists had about a month before harvest time in which to make their assessments. Under the Japanese, the tax rate had been sixty kilograms of millet per *mow* (about a quarter of an acre) and it did not matter whether the land was irrigable or dry or how much or how little land the farmer owner. The Communists introduced what they called the Reasonable-Burden Tax. . . . In general, the most a small farmer (thirty *mow* or less) had to pay was about seven per cent of his crop, while a big landlord had to pay up to fifty per cent of his.

The agricultural programme the Communists have undertaken in Crow Village is not particularly radical, but it seemed quite impressive to me, as I had spent a lot of time in a comparable village in Central Government territory, where the Kuomintang was doing nothing to improve farming methods or to educate the farmers, who still controlled pests by literally kowtowing to their ancestors, timed their ploughing and planting by a superstition-filled almanac called *The Yellow Calendar*, and put more faith in Chinese geomancy than in fertilisers. In the Kuomintang village, the only contact the farmers had with their government was the payment, every few days, of levies—straw, wood, corn, money, materials for fortifications, labour. The agricultural programme for Crow Village, though limited, is at least a programme. Four things are being done. First of all, the exchange of labour and tools, which Chinese farmers have long been obliged by circumstances to practise haphazardly anyway, is being organised in a fairly scientific way. A family with four energetic men but no animals, and another with an aged family head, two women, and a donkey exchange their surpluses at a rate the cadre has set: one day's donkey power equals one-and-a-half day's manpower. The use of implements, such as water wheels, can be swapped for specialised labour, such as help in sowing seed. Second, the farmers are being persuaded to improve their irrigation facilities. Third, the cadre has been educating the farmers in methods of cultivation. One farmer told me he had just learned that although millet and potatoes are harder to raise than corn, these crops are much more profitable. The cadre has told the villagers that the control of locusts, rice worms, and grubs is something they should not leave to their ancestors' spirits. A solution of lime and nicotinic acid, which the peasants call 'white water', has been distributed, and the cadre hopes soon to get some arsenic trioxide. Since there is not enough white water to go round, big teams of children have been organised to go out into the fields and pick pests off the plants and dig them up out of the ground. Fourth, there have been some efforts to induce the farmers to select their seed with more care and to use new and improved varieties. Small amounts of two kinds of seed for a drought-resistant millet developed at the Yenching University agricultural laboratory in Peiping have been handed out. . . .

The Communists' three principal economic devices for achieving a redistribution—Clearing the Accounts, rent reduction, and the sliding-scale tax—accomplish the job without violence and without anyone's seeing quite how it works. Like Mr. Hsi, the other landlords have had to get rid of land in order to clear their accounts. They now receive much less rent than they used to, and when tax time comes round this year, they will have to lease some more land to pay up. On the other hand, almost every small farmer I talked with had picked up between two and ten *mow* of land this year. And so, although it may be more comforting to speak of the Chinese Communists as simply agrarian reformers, I think it is a mistake. They are Communists, all right. Like all Chinese, they work slowly, patiently, and with a relative abhorrence (though not necessarily a fear) of bloodshed. The fact that they have very little, if any, mechanical connection with Moscow does not make them any the less Communists ideologically. If they had decided to be anything else, I am sure they would have changed their name.

Like the Russians, the Chinese Communists do most of their governing through committees. There are in this area three elective levels—the village committee, the Hsien Congress, and the Border Region Congress—as well as a number of appointed committees, such as the District cadre, the Border Region Cabinet, and the central

committee of the Party. The appointive groups do the really important work. Under the Kuomintang, villages are still administratively organised in the old, paternalistic way: the village head dictates to heads of hundred-family units, who pass on orders to heads of ten-family units, who in turn direct the heads of the families in their group. This system, itself somewhat family-like, has many advantages for China, but it has a great weakness in that it lends itself admirably to corruption. The Chinese Communists have been able to eliminate almost all corruption in their areas, and that has been a tremendous accomplishment. The committee system has helped. In Crow Village, the seven members of the village committee are so busy watching one another that they have neither the time nor the opportunity for any dirty work. A special precaution has been taken on money matters: the committee has both a 'treasurer' and an 'accountant'; they are, actually, mutual auditors.

In spite of the committee system, the villagers are learning at least a little something about the processes of representative government. They have already had one election, which was to choose delegates to the Hsien Congress. At a mass meeting, which was guided by the cadre, they chose a nominating committee. This selected the candidates. All men and women over eighteen were qualified to vote—not just family heads, who had traditionally managed things. The vote was by written ballot, and illiterates were allowed to choose the people who would write for them. Crow Village elected two delegates named Yang and Chow.

JOHN HERSEY
in the *New Yorker*

New Trends in the Lebanon

ANY visitor to the Lebanon is left wondering to what extent that small, prosperous, commercialised strip of coast, with its largely Christian population, will find a comfortable niche in the Moslem Arab League to which it belongs. For the Lebanese, just like their forerunners, the Phœnicians, are forced by sheer geography to look westwards. They cannot see over the high mountains that separate them from Damascus and the desert. The journey thither, though so short as the crow flies, takes them eleven hours by rack and pinion railway. Does their future lie in the link to the East with Islam or in links to the West with Europe? . . .

The French religiously avoid overt interference in the affairs of the Lebanon. They have steadily withdrawn their old colonial officials with their record of intrigue and anti-British manœuvres. Instead, they are sending out new, young men with charm and social graces, adept at the arts and at what passes as French culture, from flirtation to Proust. They are concentrating on the more pleasant sides of Beirut's social life and patiently awaiting the dividends.

But this is not the only iron the French keep in the Lebanese fire. Once they had overcome the shock of the Lebanon's 'desertion'—for that is how they saw it—they have shown a great deal more aptitude for the situation than is generally granted them. Perhaps the best example of this was the generous and calculating policy adopted by the French when they devalued the franc. The Lebanese currency (the Syrian pound) is linked to the franc. The French, therefore, might easily have turned round and said to the Lebanon: 'You thought you were independent. Well, here goes your currency down the sink with ours.' Instead, they agreed to increase the cover for each Syrian pound from twenty to fifty francs and so maintain the value and stability of the Lebanese currency at the expense of the French taxpayer. They even maintained the free convertibility of the Lebanese currency, providing dollars and sterling from their own limited supply. The Lebanon could get all it wanted—and it can still get almost all. But now the Lebanese are worried lest this policy comes to a sudden end.

One gains, therefore, the impression that the presence of the French in the Lebanon is still marked, although the troops have almost all left. The French spirit, language and schools still permeate the country—in striking contrast to Syria, where they have vanished almost without trace. . . .

Thus, both culturally and economically, the French are by no means on their last legs in the Levant—and their policy seems far more supple and less elephantine than it was in the unhappy years of their Mandate. But a change may come soon. The Lebanon seems to be gradually dividing itself into two camps. One looks inland to Syria and the Arab states. The other emphasises the special Christian culture and independence of the Lebanon. While maintaining friendly collaboration with the Arab League, it stresses the objection to being absorbed into any Arab federation. Considerable significance is attached in the Lebanon to the fact that the leader of this second movement, Dr. Emile Edde, the ex-President, together with some prominent newspaper owners supporting him, is at present in France. At the same time a powerful, mainly Christian, youth movement known as the Falange and led by an able young pharmacist, Emile Gemayel, has developed into a militant organisation prepared

to fight to maintain Lebanese independence against pan-Arabism and also against the growth of the Communists. . . .

Almost as powerful as the Falange, and if anything more militant, is a parallel Moslem Youth Movement known as the Nadshar, led by an eloquent lawyer, Dr. Anis Srighar. The Nadshar believes fanatically in the union with Syria, though strongly opposed to the Greater Syria plans attributed to King Abdullah of Transjordan. Its members are Arabs before all else, and they accuse the Falange of parochial narrow-mindedness. They have 15,000 members trained along military lines though with few arms. But they mean to press their cause vigorously. Yet among the most powerful Lebanese, even among those who participated in the creation of the Arab League, there is at present a strong disinclination against going too far in the Arab link-up—and these powerful financial and business circles may turn the tide against the Moslem *bloc*. But a country like the Lebanon cannot be independent without some powerful protection. If not the Arab states—then what? This is evidently what the French, and also perhaps the Russians, are waiting for.

Russian influence in the Lebanon appears to be more feared than real. There is a link between the Orthodox Church in Russia and the Orthodox Christian Community of Beirut; the local patriarch knows Moscow and speaks Russian. There is also a compact and active Communist Party which successfully works on the fruitful ground of social discontent. To counter this, Anti-Communist unions have been formed under the ægis of Henri Pharaon, a former Foreign Secretary, banker and the strong man of the Lebanon. With these the working-class movement has been divided into what are in effect communist and company unions, and so one more cross-current has been added to the many.

Economist

Palestine: The Legacy of War

THE shameful wastage of wild life in Palestine of its birds, beasts, and trees in particular, is one of the outcomes of the Second World War which will cause lasting concern long after the disputes of races and religions have died out or been lived down. It is something the average Englishman has not yet found time to consider. . . .

One by one the country's most interesting mammals have followed the lion of David and the elephant, whose remains have lately been ploughed up from the soil of Haifa Bay, into extermination. Forty years ago this was a land literally teeming with some of the most interesting creatures of all kinds. Even before the recent war, one could travel from Jerusalem through the Judean wilderness to the Dead Sea and Jericho and watch the Nubian ibex and the red gazelle outlined on the hill-tops. All that one can expect to see today is the outline of a Bedouin's goat or sheep upon the hills. Owing to the excessive wartime shooting, there are now probably not more than a score of ibex in the whole of the Dead Sea area, and maybe not even that number in all Palestine.

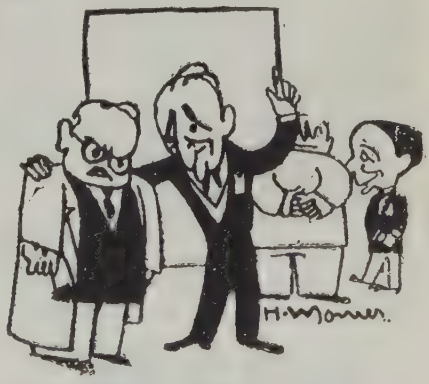
The Quarterly Review

The Cattalo

CANADIAN cattlemen wanted a new breed that could withstand blizzards and sub-zero winters. The Dominion Experimental Farm at Wainwright, Alberta, tried crossbreeding buffalo and cattle. First they bred a buffalo bull with a domestic cow. The calf's large head and shoulders killed three out of four cows at birth. Then they crossed domestic bulls with buffalo cows. Normal births ensued, but the first hybrids were sterile. The experimenters persisted, trying crosses of buffalo with different cattle breeds—Aberdeen Angus, Shorthorn, Hereford.

It took twenty-five years to produce a strain that was not sterile and had lost the buffalo hump. But this spring seventy-five sturdy cattalo calves browsed in a special enclosure at the Farm. In weather which would freeze cattle to death, the cattalo survives. Bred strictly for beef, not milk, it weighs up to one and a half times as much as the average steer. Last year cattalo meat was sold on the public markets and nobody knew the difference. Soon the first cattalo will begin populating the prairie corrals.

Time



'A little concession on Trieste and we'll give you Bikini Island' FRANCE

A handsome pair of smiles, **BUT–**

MR. FOOLISH *only cleans his teeth . . .*

. . . **MISS WISE** *safeguards hers by keeping gums healthy too!*

Gibbs **S.R.** **TOOTHPASTE** 1/4 *(incl. tax)*

SOFT modern food makes gums flabby, endangers teeth. So don't be misled because teeth *look* good—see a dentist regularly, and use S.R. Toothpaste. Sodium ricinoleate in S.R. strengthens flabby gums, wards off dangerous germs. And S.R. keeps teeth sparkling clean.

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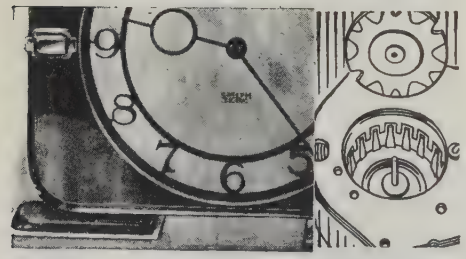
IT'S THE MOVEMENT THAT COUNTS

No Four

What's Sintering?



Sintering is a process applied to the rotor bearing of every Smith "Sectric" Movement which causes it to retain oil for the longest possible time. Another reason why Smith "Sectric" Clocks give long and trouble-free service! Jewellers, Electricians, and Stores will soon be able to supply you from a variety of models.

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PLUG IN TO GREENWICH TIME

Scientific S.C.M.47B

WHY DRY FLY?

This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

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Planning for the Post-Atomic World

TWO HUNDRED men, women and children sweated away last week to convert an isolated Colorado canyon into an atomic foxhole. They hurried to finish roads, houses, power plant, workshop and administration building before atom bombs rained down to wipe out civilisation. Dr. Doreal had said it would be 'soon, probably sooner'. When the radioactive dust had settled at last, they—the Brotherhood of the White Temple—would emerge from their hide-out, help set civilisation going again.

Dr. Doreal is a chubby, bald little man with glittery eyes who turned up seventeen years ago in Denver, Colorado, and incorporated a new church: the Brotherhood of the White Temple. He said he was part Choctaw, born on an Oklahoma reservation and that, after serving in the Signal Corps during World War I, he had gone to Tibet and been received into the inner circle of the Royal Order of Shamballa Priests.

To goggle-eyed followers he told still more: about the subterranean Great White Lodge, seventy-five miles beneath the Forbidden City of Lhasa, and reached by a 'gravity-neutralising' elevator, where a twelve-man Supreme Council met in a white-metal hall to plan world strategy. 'Archbishop' Doreal assured brotherhood members that he kept in constant touch with the council by sending his soul back to Tibet by 'astral projection'.

Under the leadership of Dr. Doreal and his astral remote control, Denver's Brotherhood of the White Temple prospered. By 1942 it had acquired an imposing downtown mansion. Here, pink-cheeked Prophet Doreal, garbed in a gold-trimmed robe of purple silk, addressed his followers from a throne that had once belonged to Mexico's Emperor Maximilian.

Men and women came to hear Doreal talk of 'one-ment with the universal mind' or 'full illumination', and to be bound together by the 'thaumaturgic power that was exercised by Christ and his disciples.' Members of any faith were welcome; were not required to abandon their previous beliefs or their minor vices. Leader Doreal supplied them with his own interpretations of the Gospels.

But as to the religions with which the brotherhood would lead the post-atomic world, 'Archbishop' Doreal took care last week to be as misty as the distant Himalayas. Said he: 'Our foundation is Christian, but our interpretation differs from that of the orthodox groups. . . . We're reasonable people, not fanatics.' His most explicit expression of faith: 'I am a Republican.' *Time*

'Couldn't you make a little less noise? My husband is trying to sleep' NEW YORKER

'Ware Poles

THE failure of the Vale of Leven Gas Company to get ahead with the street lighting scheme was discussed. Treasurer Rose has been and is most energetic to see that Inveraray is not left in the dark this coming winter, particularly with so many Polish soldiers stationed in the place.

Oban Times

Life Begins at 140

CHUBBY girls are preferred as hostesses at veterans' hospitals because, as has been determined scientifically, their friendly personalities and even-tempered dispositions do the most good to ill G.I.s. It should be added that they do not do any actual harm to anybody.

Slender girls can be svelte. They can be sinuous. They can be slinky. A number who tantalises the scales at 100 to 110 pounds is all right to look at in fashion shows or pass the time of day with. But they can never be as cute, as curveful or as cuddly as chubby girls. There at around 140 to 150 on the scales will be found the sort of feminine companion to sit down and drink beer with, and discuss the weightier affairs of life.

Gentlemen sometimes fall for the slender type, it is true. But can anyone deny that it is the chubby beauty they really plump for?

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Life Sentence

'QUITE a number of young officers who have been demobilised want to wear bowler hats to show that they were young officers. It may be that the bowler hat is getting to the top of the tree,' said Mr. R. Weatherall, a master of Eton College.

Evening Standard

'And now, just before the next depression, I want you to take all my money out of stocks and buy bonds'

NEW YORKER

Anatomy of the Hangover

A CHEMIST named W. B. Casterline, of Chicago, has now stated that there are only six kinds of hangovers and that he can cure them all.

Casterline lists the various mornings-after as the Broken Compass Hangover, the Sewing Machine Hangover, the Gremlin Boogie, the Comet Handicap, the Cement Mixer, and the Atomic Hangover.

The cure calls for four tablets, a punishing diet, and strange exercises. Better not drink.

And another comfort dispenser, writer Robert Ruark, has gained popularity by proving, at least to his own satisfaction, that women prefer ugly men.

Extracts from the Ruark thesis: 'Mr. America 1946 has a busted nose, bat-ears, two chins, porcupine hair, a mouth like Joe E. Brown's, an unsightly bulge around the belt, and a sway back.

'Or else he weighs 97 pounds, uses both hands to lift his tooth-brush, and stays off the street when the wind is blowing.

'The two most heavily-endowed gentlemen in the land today are a snub-nosed, freckled milk drinker named Van Johnson and a fugitive from a transfusion, Frank Sinatra—a weedy youth whose bowtie causes him to sway in the middle.'

In other words, get ugly and get your girl.

The town has also been titillated by new man-killing discoveries—a sure-fire freckle remover, an all-time permanent hair-waving system, indelible kiss-improving lipstick, and Cellophane lingerie.

DON IDDON in *Daily Mail*

Surely Incidental

THAT little country, Britain, went to war because it, and its Fascist reactionary leaders, love war and thrive on war. The attack on Hitlerite Germany was purely incidental.

Moscow Radio

Corsets and Bosoms

AMERICA was becoming 'very colour-conscious' in its foundation garments, Mr. Arthy said—'and this has the effect of making Madam more corset-conscious, too, because she buys several corsets in different colours.' Pantees were extremely popular, and American women had reached the 'dizzy limit' in bust-consciousness; they could not accentuate the bust-line any further. His own view, however, for the Australian and British brassière trade was that the 'sweater girl' style would never get such a hold, but he was sure a moulded line would continue to be followed, and that women would never go back to a flattened bust-line again.

Corsetry & Underwear Journal

Wanted: Venom

AN advertiser in an East African newspaper offers to buy puff adders in any quantity—alive. Behind this strange-sounding request for unlimited supplies of one of the world's most deadly reptiles is the fact that puff adder farms are maintained in order to extract the venom for medicinal purposes—to make a drug which stops hæmorrhage. Near the Kenya border of Tanganyika a puff adder farm is run by a British woman who 'milks' the reptiles' poison glands and exports the venom to manufacturers of the drug. Experts make light of this dangerous work, which entails making the adder angry in order to extract the full load of its venom!

Crown Colonist

The Greedy Butcher

THE little town of Messac, in the Ille-et-Vilaine, no longer has a butcher. . . . The latter, relying on the strength of his monopoly, went on strike on the pretext that with controlled prices he could hardly make a living.

So the Mayor requisitioned his establishment, hired the necessary personnel, bought a pig, had it slaughtered, and sold the meat at the controlled price.

Having paid the workers at the union rates, and discharged all the incidental expenses, he found that he had 800 francs clear profit, which he paid to the idle butcher as the price of requisitioning his shop. . . .

Le Populaire

How's That Again? Department

'CHURCHILL has tried to organise the crusade against the U.S.S.R. before, and I have my doubt that he will succeed. But if he does he is sure to fail.'

STALIN quoted by *Chicago Sun*

FOUR SQUARE

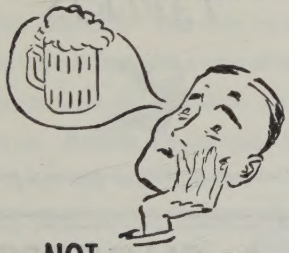
There's a reason why they satisfy!

Cigarettes

20 FOR 2/4

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

thoughts can wander



but* NOT *your plate

Are you new to false teeth finding it difficult to eat or speak? However great the dentist's skill, this initial period is very trying. Comfort and confidence will, however, be ensured by using Kolynos Denture Fixative, a tasteless, odourless powder, recommended by dentists. 1/3d. & 3/3d. tins.

KOLYNOS DENTURE **FIXATIVE**

makes false teeth 'stay put'

Also use Kolynos *Denture Powder* to clean false teeth — 1/3d.

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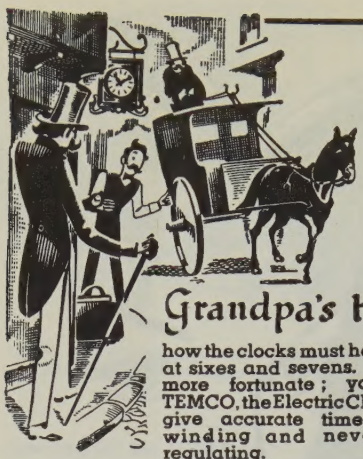
ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH —

so the CALL is for

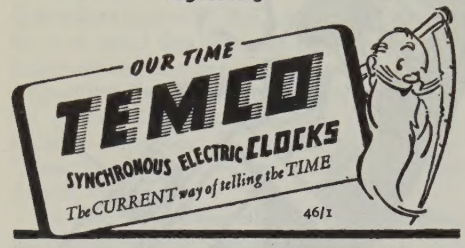
GILBEY'S GIN

11



Grandpa's time...

how the clocks must have been at sixes and sevens. You are more fortunate; you have TEMCO, the Electric Clocks that give accurate time without winding and never need regulating.



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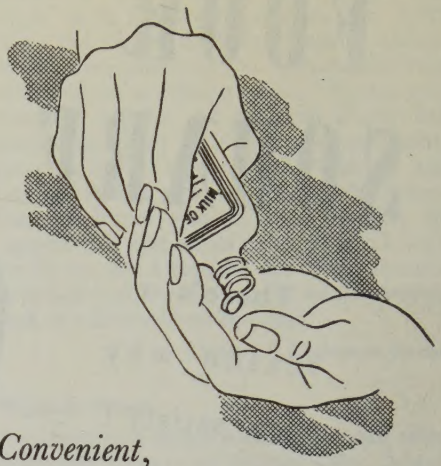

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